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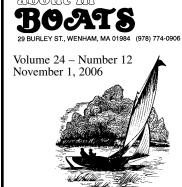
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BOATS

Volume 24 – Number 12

November 1, 2006





Published twice a month, 24 times a year, U.S. subscription price is \$28 for 24 issues. Canadian / overseas subscription prices are available upon request.

Address is 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984-1043. Telephone is 978-774-0906. There is no machine.

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On the Cover...

Amongst all the photos I took at the WoodenBoat Show this one somehow suggested itself to me as a good cover shot. The boat was not my sort of boat but the name had a nice affectionate tone to it.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Enough of the year 2006 has now come to pass as I write this on September 30 that I can see that my hopes for building circulation up in order to offset inexorably growing costs of turning out this little magazine have not been fulfilled. In the January 15, 2006 issue I remarked that I was going to try one more year to cover growing costs with growing circulation. I have tried and it didn't happen. So as of the January 1, 2007 issue, the subscription price goes up to \$32 a year.

I've held the line since the last increase in January 2003. At that time I chose to increase the cost by \$4 to get a bit ahead of the curve of increasing costs rather than to just catch up with it. I'm doing so again in hope that it may hold up for another four years. With the recent increase in the inflation rate due to our government doing some massive borrowing to fund its war adventuring, it may not make it that far.

By taking advantage of new technology our printer has been able to hold their price to just one 10% increase since our last subscription increase. It's the postage that has gone way up, overall close to 20%! It's our second largest expense not far behind the printer.

Next May we begin our 25th year of publication. In 1983 a subscription cost \$15 for 24 16-page issues. We gradually increased the size to 20 pages, then 24 pages, and then 32 pages where it stayed until 1996 when we went to the present 40 pages. During that period the price increased to \$24. The magazine has more than doubled in size and now the price will have more than doubled. Contemplating this I realize that the cost per page of news has remained just about constant for a quarter century.

Consideration of the option of going to a monthly (12 issues instead of 24) showed that no significant savings would be realized as the magazine would have to be 80 pages and thus about double in printing and production costs as well as postage. Weight matters. And advertising revenues would be pretty much halved as only 12 instead of 24 ads would be published for our regular advertisers during a year.

A suggestion that we turn into an emagazine and thus eliminate printing and postage by publishing on the internet could not be taken seriously. We offer an emagazine version now for \$22 through Duckworks and have fewer than a couple of dozen such subscriptions, mostly outside of the U.S. where it is really effective in eliminating postage (up to \$50 extra for surface mail overseas) and long delivery time (up to eight weeks).

I have opted against offering incentives to new subscribers, such special introductory discounts or gifts, as I feel that I want someone to buy a subscription because they really want to read and enjoy the magazine and not because of some deal I might offer them to save a few bucks.

So as I reluctantly add on \$4 more to the annual cost to you to receive the magazine I have to trust that this will not be burdensome. To me it will mean getting back ahead of our printing, production, and mailing costs far enough to provide Jane and I with more of our modest lifestyle needs without having to fall back entirely on our social security. Most of the increase can go right to our personal needs as the big three (printing, production and postage) are presently carried by present income with not a whole lot left over for us. This may not seem like much to some of you but believe me, to us it means continuing to be able to devote our time and effort to publishing the magazine.

I still very much wish to build circulation long term and will continue to pursue this. How to achieve this remains something of an enigma as we have tried all sorts of outreach to potential subscribers with little success. Just coming up with the 800 or so new subscribers each year we need to replace those who do not renew (20% of our readership) has been hard to achieve. We come close but need to exceed this number in order to grow.

One annual effort that brings us the most success in acquiring new subscribers is encouraging those of you who enjoy the magazine to give gift subscriptions at Christmas time to like-minded friends or relatives. We get about 150 gift subscriptions and renewals yearly thanks to many of you, the majority at Christmas. I call your attention to the opposite page where we launch our gift campaign a bit early this year. All such gift subscriptions will start with the January 1, 2007 issue and are thus priced at \$32 each. The deadline for such gifts is December 10 as the January 1 issue mailing list goes to the printer (who does the bulk mailing also) on the 15th.

I still very much enjoy turning out our magazine for you and judging from your notes and letters you enjoy receiving it. I ask your continued support when faced with this price increase, it's not a lot out of pocket for you over a year's time but collectively it is a lot for us here to enable our carrying on into the foreseeable future.

Give Christmas Gift Subscriptions to your friends who mess about in boats...

It's a gift that keeps on coming, twice a month all through the year!

To order, complete as many of the order forms at the right as you need (or copies of them) and send them to us at the address below with your check for \$32 (U.S. only) for each gift subscription order. If you prefer to pay by credit card, you may do so through www.duckworksmagazine. com for \$36.

We will mail out gift announcement cards in time for Christmas delivery if we have your order in our hands no later than December 10, 2006. If you wish, we will send the announcement cards directly to you if you prefer to personally deliver them.

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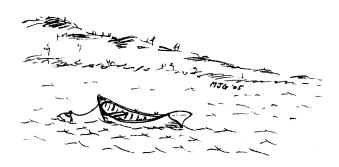
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From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman

My little Typhoon grew anxious to spread her wings. Fifteen knots or better tore through the sound. The wind backed up the tide and the waist-high swells surged eastward. What fun to reach along the shore at two knots over hull speed! This crisp day in September, with the sun at full strength, little *MoonWind* tugged at her sheets. She was like the dog who brings you her leash, all aquiver in joyful anticipation. "Let's go, let's go,!"

So off we went, the main and genny full to their brims and straining. We dashed down Fishers Island Sound toward scenic Watch Hill, a mere eight miles away. It seemed but an hour; nay, a mere blink of time, until we passed the lighthouse and the reef off Fishers Island. To the north of us lay Rhode Island, no stern and rockbound New England coast but merely sandy dunes. Nothing lay to our south except Block Island, several miles away. After that Bermuda. I stayed a mile off shore and surged along with the ebb. Returning might be a bit of a problem, but by then the tide would have changed. Why worry about it? In three hours' time I'd surfed some 20 miles; ahead of me loomed the breakwaters at Point Judith.

It was time to return. The tide had changed, my Nantucket sleigh ride was over. I came about and realized what awaited. Now the tide and wind fought against one another; the swells had all become chop. To keep my course parallel to the shore required heading dead into it. The little Typhoon began to plunge and shudder. The spray came aft and I realized I had left my foul weather gear in my truck. Fortunately it was warm. Comparatively warm. I eased her off the wind a point and the pounding nearly ceased.

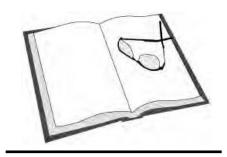
Unfortunately my course now lay toward the beach. Every time I came about I was heading for Cape Hatteras. Fairly soon I would need to choose whether to make two long tacks on the sea side of Fishers Island. Fishers Island, six miles long, runs parallel to the shore. I would need to reef to weather the passage outboard of the island. And sailing around the island would add ten miles to an already arduous journey.

I would be benighted before I could round the farther end where the passage back inside always proves rough. "The Race" they've named it: the entry point of the North Atlantic into the 1500 square miles comprising Long Island Sound. Rip tides of five knots and a merciless chop spell danger for a sloop three fathoms long.

The sanest way, by far, was to hug the mainland. But that meant pinching and heading straight into the broil. The only third choice seemed to be to get out and walk. I started my little outboard. Two miles later the engine sputtered and died, my fuel had water in it. After exhausting my store of expletives I resumed my wearying course against the weather. After four hours of pounding and getting drenched, I'd clawed my way back to Watch Hill. It would take me three hours to cover the final eight miles, but already the sun was lapped by the thirsty sea. Without GPS I didn't fancy threading a rockbound channel in the dark. I pounded through the spindrift, the shore went by amazingly slowly, yard by reluctant yard.

Another mile and then I could round the point and shelter this night in nearby Stonington harbor. A thousand yards more, a hundred. At last! I finally fell off and, angling through the whitecaps, raced for shore. The final mile I sped on gilded wings. Within the breakwater seas ran about six inches. At the first marina I received an invitation to share a slip. "My neighbor won't return until next week, here, pass me your line." I expressed my thanks, wrung myself out, and dialed my patient wife.

I never knew you could hear somebody roll their eyes by phone.

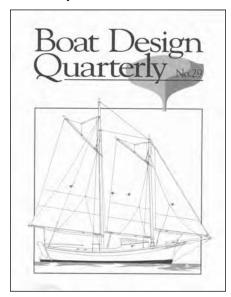


Book Reviews

Boat Design Quarterly

Edited & Published by Mike O'Brien Quarterly, \$24/Year BDQ Publications P.O. Box 98, Brooklin, ME 04616

Reviewed by Bob Hicks



I ran into Mike O'Brien at WoodenBoat magazine booth at the WoodenBoat Show where he gave me the current issue, #29, of his little 24-page special interest periodical devoted to bringing to those interested a selection of classic traditional designs in each issue. I hadn't seen a copy in a while, in part because Mike has been unable to keep up with his original concept of turning out four issues a year while carrying on full time as WoodenBoat's senior editor. A bout of ill health several years ago set him back further, so he changed the concept to square with reality and now he states it is "published as often as possible." Subscribers will get four issues for their \$24 but they may take more than a year to appear.

This really isn't a problem for anyone who enjoys study plans and informed commentary about lovely old designs of wooden boats. Befitting such a purpose, the magazine is printed on heavy cream colored stock which showcases the seven designs (in Issue #29) featured with plenty of room for large sized study plans of the designs and their

details. Mike's commentary on each is succinct, usually with some personal historic overtones. Mike "first arrived at the Jersey shore in the 1940s" and has been involved with wooden boats ever since.

As I skimmed through this issue before going on about my job covering the WoodenBoat Show for the photo essay that appears in this issue, I was brought up short on Page 10 by "Florence Oakland, A Backyard Schooner." Oh, dear, I thought I had gotten past that era of my life when I very much wanted to build a real wooden boat. This little 22'5"loa schooner's sail plan drawing just reached out from the page and grabbed that residual desire apparently still within me to build and sail just such a boat of such "uncommon grace and charm." Not surprising for a design by John Atkin. Mike suggests that "shouldn't each of us own at least one schooner before we sail across the bar?" Plans for this schooner are available from Atkin & Co., Box 3005, Noroton, CT 06820, (203) 655-0886.

Well, I'm enough of a realist to know now that I will never, ever undertake to build such a boat in what remains of my lifetime, nor even seriously dream of so doing. But as I looked over the line and construction drawings I could envision her slowly taking shape in the 15'x30' boat shed I built on the north side of my barn in 1978 to house my then dream boat, a 24' Ralph Winslow cutter.

The lineup in Issue #29 is as follows (in addition to the aforementioned Atkin schooner):

"Jiffy 9-7, a self-bailing skiff," by Arch Davis in 1993.

"Melonseed, a handsome gunning skiff," from Chapelle's American Small Sailing Craft in 1951.

"16' Čatboat, after the Melonseed," by Marc Barto in the 1990s.

"Godzilli, a real 16'7" tugboat," by Sam Devlin.

"Ladybug, a 32' trawler yacht," by Jay Benford.

"South Jersey Skiff, able daysailer and camp-cruiser", from Chapelle's American Small Sailing Craft of 1951.

Well, if any of these grab you even harder than that schooner got to me you can order building plans from sources Mike includes with each design.

If dreaming is a significant part of your messing about in boats, *Boat Design Quarterly* will provide many hours of satisfying adventuring with your imagination while sitting by the fire. For less than \$1 per design over a four issue span you get to study the real thing in great detail. And if you might want to catch up on bygone delights you can buy back issues for \$8 each including postage. I'd guess that Mike has an index to help you make your choices.

Dangerous Waters Modern Piracy and Terror on the High Seas

By John S. Burnett A Plume Book, Paperback, 2003 ISBN 0-452-28413-9

Reviewed by Joe Cathy

If you are like me, when you read Hugh Ware's summaries you look first at the piracy section. If you are not like me, you probably find it interesting anyway. With all the Hollywood hype with pirates these days, it is great to get some real world information. This book certainly fills that need. Some of the pirates in the books of my youth were pretty nasty, but these modern guys are downright scary. What with poor people just trying to make some money and the organized crime syndicates and the terrorist organizations all competing, there is some nasty stuff going on.

Author Burnett appears to have had an interesting life, including running away to sea rather than finishing school. While sailing his own boat he was attacked by pirates. I think this was what precipitated his interest in writing this book. He has done more than research for his information, he has traveled to the hot spots and even subjected himself to the risk of another attack.

His travels on the VLCC (Very Large Crude Carrier) *Montrose* are quite interesting and frightening. He also accompanies the crew of *Petro Concord* on a return voyage. The crews of each ship have different takes on the whole subject of piracy. It is interesting to see the contrasting precautions taken by the captains and crews and their attitudes as well.

Interspersed with the anti-piracy precautions taken onboard is a lot of background on attacks that have already taken place. Some of these are as exciting as reading a modern thriller, hanging onto the edge of you seat wondering how it will turn out.

He also discusses the shipping industry and how piracy affects its attitudes and precautions. But probably the most disquieting is the discussion of possible attacks by terrorist organizations that could have serious economic and ecological implications.

If you read and like this book, don't miss his other one about relief workers in Somalia.

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About That August 1 Cover

I thought you might be interested in knowing a little more about the photo on the cover of the August 1 issue. The two girls ignominiously scrambling to gain footing after a capsize are my daughters, Claire (17) and Julia (11). The canoe is an Ian Outred MacGregor that I built to his plans in the 13' length maybe 13 years ago. When the accident occurred I was walking over to get the car to meet them at the shipyard, oblivious to the situation. When I got to the takeout dock and didn't see them there or on the water I became distinctly nervous and ran back to the beach to find the soggy crew and boat safely on shore, helped by other friendly messers.

My heartfelt thanks go out to all who helped. It wasn't really a dangerous situation because the water was shallow, the girls had on life jackets, and the boat has air tanks, but

it was still disconcerting.

Needless to say, the capsize was a difficult end to what had been a glory day for me as a father. Imagine having both of your kids joining you for a special day of your favorite activity! I was really looking forward to the day and was seriously upset by the rain. We had a good time despite the weather, but by 3pm when the rain started in earnest, the girls had had enough so I (reluctantly) agreed to pack up and head home.

Then they capsized! The soaking in salt water didn't help the situation. I washed everything off with a hose I found in the shipyard and got them into dry clothes. A nice long dinner at a local restaurant completed the drying and also restored the temperament. We arrived home with mostly

happy memories of the day.

I was probably to blame for the capsize. The girls had brought the boat over from the shipyard without problem in the morning so what was different in the afternoon? In the morning I put up the masts but left the sails and yards down in the cockpit. In the afternoon, I had the bright idea to brail up the (wet) sails and yards to the masts so the cockpit would be more comfortable. I suspect that the extra weight aloft caused the capsize when both girls leaned slightly to one side to see around the boat traffic in the basin. They have used the canoe enough to feel instinctively how far they can lean without capsizing and they were fooled by the brailed up sails, something I had never done before and certainly won't do again. In general the MacGregor is a very stable canoe.

Thanks for the cover picture, my wife has already cut off the cover to frame it for posterity!

Tom Papell, Long Island, NY

Corisande Impressed Me

The recollections by Joseph W. Spalding entitled "With the Summercators at Dark Harbor" that appeared in the September 1 issue made a personal connection for me. Mention was made of Marshal Field's 90' yacht Corisande and of some "difficulty going south in the Cape Cod Canal and delays at the repair yard.

In the summer of 1955 Marshal Field's yacht ran aground in the treacherous Woods Hole passage and was towed to the marine railway in Eel Pond in Woods Hole harbor. This caused great excitement in the community and we all turned out to inspect the damage and sneak inside the yacht to view its luxurious interior. I was 12 years old at the time and had never seen such extravagant furnishings and decorations.

It clearly made a strong impression on me because I still vividly recall its appearance 50 years later while failing to remember what I was supposed to get at the store on the way home today. I wonder if it was the Corisande that impressed me so many years ago. If it was, the "difficulties" included a substantial hole below the waterline.

Ken Spring, Lusby, MD

Information of Interest...

Odds & Ends

You may have heard of the psychiatrist and the proctologist who went into practice together, hanging out a shingle: 'Odds & Ends.'

Mr. Davidson, in his "Quest for the Ideal Boat, Part 2" was bedeviled by the problem of sanding polyester resin. Apparently somebody gave him bad advice. The cure of polyester resin is air inhibited so there is a gummy uncured layer on the surface which clogs the sandpaper. This uncured layer enables subsequent layers to bond to the previous layers if they are applied within a few hours.

Most resin sold for the hobby or do-ityourself trade is waxed. The wax floats to the surface, excludes the air, and allows the cure of a slick, sandable surface. A solution of wax in styrene can be bought and added to the plain resin as needed. Any suitable material that will form a film over the resin will work. PVA (polyvinyl alcohol) is sold by most supply houses. It may be sprayed onto the fresh resin and forms a water soluble film.

I am currently (and for years past) working on the plug for my 22' Western Lady fantail launch hull. One paints or sprays on gelcoat and then sands off 90%. Gelcoat, of course, is unwaxed. I thought to spray the PVA with a simple garden sprayer but the nozzle is so miserable that I can't get coverage. I discovered that after the resin sets up a little I can paint on the PVA with a wellloaded brush and a light touch.

While I'm all wound up here, I might mention trailers, always a topic of interest. While mucking through my junk stores I came upon two hitch balls, one male, one female. Voila! This rare but eminently happy confluence was the result of a search occasioned by the purchase of a yard sale receiver stub.

One ball was rusty and the other bright. In my enthusiasm I perceived the rusty one to be smaller. All assembled, I found that they were both 2". This is a classic case of the American industrial/retail complex sticking it to the poor consumer. Why keep something simple when one can turn a buck by making it complicated? I would like to see engineering justification for having balls differing by a mere eighth of an inch.

I suppose a good engineer, in league with a politician, an insurance man, an OSHA bureaucrat, and a trial lawyer, could make a good case. So we need to call in a cost-benefit expert, or maybe just use common sense.

Well, what to do? A lathe is the obvious choice but it's 40 miles up the country. Casting about for inspiration my eye fell upon the table saw. A metal cutting blade projecting 1/16" (half of the required 1/2") cuts closely spaced grooves into ball which are cleaned up with the bench grinder. Unlike most of my "save a dollar" projects, this one paid handsome dividends on the time invested.

Some trailer switching in preparation for the Pend Oreille meet (watch for Bob's report) pointed up the need for a couple of tongue jacks. Harbor Freight has opened a store just a mile from my doorstop here in the Junction. Their jacks be a notch better than the DL product, a couple of which have fallen apart over the years. For instance, they have a spring on each leg of the swivel stop, which makes for smoother operation than to DL item.

Their trailer light sets seem to be as good as any. Small wonder. It's inconceivable that anybody could make worse trailer lights than we Americans.

The HF weakness seems to be in high grade steel as evidenced in saw blades, files, Stilson wrench jaws, and such. I bought one of their 3"x21" belt sanders and a two-minute test ran the belt into the plastic which melted and froze up the works. Back at the store they handed me a new one without any paperwork.

Reminds me of when Sears went from their old reliable (but weak bearing) model to the new one some years ago. The belt tracked off and cut the spring that controls the tracking. It took an interview with the store manager to get a new one, which had a guard for the spring. I have six or eight of those old Sears sanders in a box awaiting repairs, but with two Chinese guys at 24 bucks a pop, I doubt if I'll ever get to them.

One of the Chinese compressor motors is running like a champ on my table saw. Practically everything in the shop is on their wheels or casters. I know its tough on the balance of payments but I'm just poor. Start

with those Lexus suits.

Jim Thayer, Grand Mesa Boatworks, Grand Junction, CO.

Re: Tides, the Why and How of

This subject was first broached, I believe, by Peter R. Jepson in the December 15, 2005 issue, and re-raised by him in the May 15, 2006 issue, and answered by the present writer somewhat sketchily and referentially in the July 1 issue, and obliquely by Rodney Myrvaagnes in the August 15 issue (all in the "You write to us about..." section). Now, kudos to Hermann Gucinski for courageously diving in with his deep-draft piece on Page 30 in the August 15 issue.

As he says, this whole subject has a way of embarrassing anyone brave or foolish enough to breast the waves of conflicting and not-quite-yet-fully-baked information, then try to distill it for the reader. It takes a generous heart, or a demanding editor (in my case the editor at Van Nostrand Reinhold in charge of getting the original hardcover edition of A Sailor's Notebook to press in acceptable form) to make a writer undertake the task.

As far as I know Mr. Gucinski did it well. But how far do I know? Not very, as I suspected all along, and some of that incorrect, according to current authorities (who, like many currents, divide here and there and go their own ways). But I might add one more reference to the ones cited by Mr. Gucinski: Wikipedia. Just type in "Tides." It'll all come flooding to you... nine pages of pretty good info but leaving unanswered, sort of, the question of centrifugal force, if there is a question. (See Gucinski).

Someone really interested and possessing a higher IQ than just about anyone might read all the sources so far referenced; i.e., ten plain pages of Chapter 19 in A Sailor's Notebook www.irbs.com/bowditch/,wikipedia-Tides and digest them into one coherent explanation adaptable to all. He will be ahead of his time but if he exists, certain he is a *MAIB* reader and will rise to the challenge.

Meantime Mr. Gucinski's second chart, the one to starboard on Page 30 in that August 15 issue entitled 'Figure 2, the net tide producing force," strikes me as having a wrong facing arrow representing FMSF. Oughtn't it point directly left (i.e., away from the moon's position), illogical as that seems but consistent with the diagrammatic explanations in the above mentioned sources, as I read and, in one case, wrote about them?

So may Mr. Gucinski please proceed to answer all those further questions he conjures up for the future. Assuredly his is not an exercise in the late, lamented "fatuous prolixity" but a worthwhile and fascinating endeavor.

Deke Ulian, Cotuit, MA (Author, A Sailor's Notebook)

Editor Comments: Hermann is back with another installment of his discussion in this issue, and originator of the topic Peter Jepson, has some follow-up coming next issue.

Comments on Bolger and Ware

I have to correct Phil Bolger's info on aircraft carriers in the September 1 issue. The U.S. Navy had Cvs, CVLs, and CVEs, but no CVSs. The CVs of WW II were the Essex-class carriers that were the backbone of the Fast Carrier Task Force. The CVLs were laid down as Cleveland-class light cruisers and converted to carriers midway in their construction. There were nine of them all built at New York Ship Building Co., Camden, New Jersey. The CVEs were converted tanker hulls or C-3 freighter hulls. These had steam turbine drives.

The most numerous class were designed for the purpose and built by Kaiser Shipbuilding. They had reciprocating steam engines and were the basis of the antisubmarine hunter killer groups that won the war against the U-boats in the Atlantic by attacking the U-boats from the air and being able to use the information the British had from breaking the Enigma codes without revealing that the codes had been broken.

The CVP-32 could traverse the river canal system from Amsterdam to the Black Sea without having to lower the deckhouse and stack. A friend and I cruised from Amsterdam to Vienna in *River Rhapsody*, a much higher vessel that did have to lower its bridge in numerous instances. I do note that the lower Rhone River system has a vertical height limitation of 3.5m. That would require lowering the vessel height. The other French canal systems I know anything about have bridges that open.

On another topic, it would be helpful if Hugh Ware's column had reference dates. The September 1 issue talks of a strike in Norway that sent some Hurtigruten vessels to port. My friend and I were cruising on Trollfjord in late July, so I assumed this might be after we were home, but when I did a Google search I found the strike was in May, long before we were aboard.

Dave Carnell, Wilmington, NC

Editor Comments: We publish Hugh's fascinating news of that other world of big ships as ongoing history rather than topical news. The time delays between his compiling it, my setting it up for production, getting it printed and mailed to you, render topicality impossible.

Riddle of the Sharpie and the Cat

"Sharpie vs. Cat" is intriguing all right. I offer a few other factors which might determine why sharpies traveled and cats did not; economy, building skill, crew requirements, available materials, and finally, rowability. There is one other which was touched on, and that is flexibility of rig. Sharpies above skiff size were usually two-masted (bipolar?) but often had an alternate step and thwart so they could be balanced under one sail. The rig elements are much lighter and more easily managed, usually with sprit booms, although there were many rig variations.

Not so with the classic cat. You got a honkin' big sail, mast, boom, and gaff which pretty much grew with the hull size, imposing a very real limitation there. The sharpie could be readily down-rigged with spars tucked inboard and the narrow beam allowed

practical rowing or sculling.

I have built both in model form and can vouch (as this readership can imagine) that the wooden sharpie takes a whole bunch less talent and material. To be blunt, it is cheaper, and the rural south was not awash in cash. In the north boats were often built over the winter while in the south the season is near year-round so speed of build was important, making hay while the sun shines-wise. Additionally, the sharpie could be more easily beached, poled over flats, repaired, and abandoned.

Sounds like I'm dumping on the cat design, but I'm not. It survives today mostly in smaller sizes because it translates readily into molded construction. Aesthetically it is a prettier sculptural form, but if you adhere to the notion of beauty in functionality and consider the broadest range of factors, the sharpie was the more successful design in its time. Technology has just swamped it.

Irwin Schuster, Tampa, FL

Corrected Crease

One of the great advantages of the internet and a digital camera is that one can send photos of work in progress to friends far and wide and get advice the next day. Case in point is the photo that I sent you earlier and that appeared in your 9/1/06 issue of MAIB. My cohorts in Seattle and near Vancouver said, nearly a month ago, "Crease goes the wrong way, peak up that sail!" and so I learned that squeezing an extra block in on Bolger at the gaff-mast juncture (seeking a 2:1 hoisting advantage for wife and grand-children) wasn't working, but that a 'whip' block and line at the end of the halyard did the trick and the right crease appeared.

The photo below shows the correct crease in the sail. It runs from tack to peak not, as in the 9/1/06 photo, from clew to

throat. One thing down. What's next? My list grows smaller, slowly.

Am wonderfully engorged, reading reams of books on cruising in the Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Long Island Sound area. God, what a relief from all those how-to books on boatbuilding.

Dick Burnham, Cummington, MA



Information Wanted...

Looking for Phil Green Plans

Phil Green, an English designer of small boats for the home builder, wrote an article for *MAIB* that was published in the August 15, 1994 issue, Vol. 12, #17. He described his various designs with accompanying photographs. I subsequently ordered two sets of plans and built his Micro design, a 7½' canoe. The design has given tremendous satisfaction for years of use on a nearby small lake.

Recently I wrote to him and ordered additional plans. My order was returned with an explanation that due to poor health, he no longer sells plans. I would appreciate hearing from anyone who has access to his plans. I'm especially interested in purchasing plans for his Solo, Tandem, Dream, and Littleboat models. If the plans have already been used to build a boat, I will gladly pay whatever Phil would require to build another boat. Thanks for your help.

Thanks for your help.
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Seen at the Wooden Boat Show

Photo Essay by Bob Hicks



The Plimoth Plantation's jollyboat was not unlike our *Lewis H. Story* schooner, except that we had decks beneath which to sleep in Sunday night's downpours.



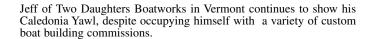
Dick Pulsifer had Hampton #99 on display.



Reuben Smith displayed this little sailing dinghy, but was busy promoting the Mass Bay Maritime Artisans fall schedule of lectures.



I kinda liked this name in gold lettering on a big motorsailer, *One More Hug*.





 $\ensuremath{\textit{Annie}}$ is for sale, a lovely 24' double ended yawl owned by Scot and Sue Arthur of Groton, MA.





Family boat building launchings took place in Sunday afternoon's rain showers, this one was the only one completed right through painting.



Nautical pool table was unique for sure, I wondered if it would perform as well at pool as it would afloat?



The youthful team at Rocking the Boat, a "Community On-water Program from the Bronx, New York, takes cover as the rains came down late Sunday.



The Apprenticeshop of Rockland, Maine, displayed this unique Great South Bay Scooter, a dual purpose iceboat/sailboat.

Show bargain, this well-used lapstrake runabout was offered at around \$2,500 I believe. It needed work but it was afloat.



Mis MAS is JB Currell's (of MAS Epoxy) dream boat, a championship winning hydroplane he and two associates built of wood, with MAS epoxy, of course. Two stylish, silver haired, black suited raceboat drivers on hand proceeded to start the big engine for a ten-second burst, much to the concern of Harry and Martha Bryan whose display of boats and cloth nautical gear was right in line just inside the tent for the anticipated exhaust particles. None ended up on their goods happily.





Beetle cats are alive and well with new owner Bill Womack promoting sales and Charlie York still building them in new location in Wareham, Massachusetts.



Nick Schade of Guillemot Kayaks had some of his elegant strip built sea kayaks to be admired, beautiful work. New for him was the little double paddle canoe in foreground.

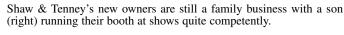


Tom Hill of ultralight boat building fame was back with several of his craft, after a number of years building custom big boats for a major client. Tom had a photo of his arrival at the very first Wooden Boat Show (not affiliated with the magazine then) back in 1980 with three of his boats bundled on top of an old station wagon.



Edward Sutt of Synergy Boatworks in Jamestown, Rhode Island, displayed these build-it-yourself mini kayaks built from the plans he offers. Rip 8 and Jam 8 are 8-footers weighing around 25lbs, they look remarkably like a mini kayak I once designed and built called the Cockleshell.

Norseboats of Canada just built an all wooden version of their fiberglass sailboat, something of a reverse in direction in the small boat business, and it was nicely done indeed.









The Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Society's 2005 and 2006 Gatherings

By Greg Grundtisch

The GLWSS gatherings at the Huron Boat Basin in Huron, Ohio, the past two years dispensed with the regattas and became just social events. We would have had a sail and a parade of boats but the weather did not cooperate. But we did have lots of fun.

In '05 there were only five boats in the water. The winds were very strong which kept several other boats from getting to Huron. And some other members' boats were out of the water for repairs.

One member, Fred Lorenz, had gotten severely burned on the sail over and had to be taken to hospital for medical attention. He was driven home by his lovely bride, Margaret. *Viking*, their 32' Alden sloop, was left in the capable hands of their son.

We did have some new members join in '05. They enlivened the group as they brought beer!

I traded my 11' skiff *Leftovers* (a boat I built from leftover material from other projects) for two cases of beer. Seamus Donagain brokered that deal. Ken Klemmer and his bride Erika had restored a 1963 Arthur Robb yawl, turned out *Leftovers* was to be the tender to tow behind her.

Later that evening we had hot dogs and hamburgers grilled up by Seamus Donagain and the lovely and talented Naomi. Eric and Bev Abranovitch cooked up veggies from their garden. Erica Klemmer made a cucumber dill salad that was the most awesome tasting dish ever. Seamus does not like cukes, but he tried it and agreed that it was beyond compare. Ken brought the aforementioned beer and there were additional salads and sodas. Everyone helped out and 30+ folks had a great dinner.

August '06 brought eight boats and essentially the same format, a social gathering and no regatta. The same hot dog and

Cooking with Greg and Naomi





Ken and Erica Klemmer take over *Leftovers* for a tender for their 1963 Arthur Robb yawl.



Bob Diak's 1928 26' gaff sloop, built by Norm Philpot, was the oldest in the group in '06



Turandot, Similau, and Viking.

hamburger dinner with fresh veggies, etc. Yes, beer and soda, too. Somehow a bottle of rum appeared. Seamus may have had something to do with that, I'm not certain, but a most enjoyable dinner was had by all.

Perry Munson's bride Marylan attended this year. A most interesting and talented couple. They gave a little slide presentation of their cruise up in the Pacific Northwest. They brought their friend Neil along and it turns out that he keeps his boat in Poverty Bay, the boyhood haunt of Seamus Donagain. Poverty Bay is a small cove between two high society type yacht clubs near Pt. Abino, Ontario, on the northeast side of Lake Erie.

The GLWSS has a new web master, Ken Klemmer. He added some new photos and is in the process of adding wooden boat related news and information. You can see some beautiful sailing boats at www.geocities.com/glwss. We are always looking for new members, membership is free, and it's lots of fun. Happy sails!



My friend Bill Paxton has built a Weekender from the plans of the Stevenson. Project. Happy with this project he found other builders with his online capabilities and began organizing messabouts.

I missed his spring Lake Pepin gathering because I was in the cardiac ward of one of our local hospitals. The staff at that hospital would not let me out no matter how loudly I screamed. I was later happy when he picked a time and sent out the word for another messabout, this one aimed at getting boats with unusual sail rigs. He phrased it, "leave your Marconi rigs home."

I thought about that for a very short time and realized that "Ratty's Boat" with its sprit sail was perfect for this event. I also brought a kayak with an umbrella for a sail. That should definitely fall into the unusual category.

Saturday morning came and so did a north wind. By the time I got to Lake Pepin it was a lot of wind. At the landing were several people standing about with long faces. The lake was full of whitecaps and the wind was driving them right up the beach where we were standing. Getting off the beach seemed to be an impossible task.

This group was being entertained by some folks, not part of our group, trying to get their sailboat out from the dock. They had been there for a couple hours without suc-

The Unusual Sail Event

By Mississippi Bob Photos by Bill Paxton

cess. They finally got out after much rudder and prop bashing.

We walked up to a picnic shelter to have our lunch. Sue Plankis, a friend of mine, showed up in time for lunch and got introduced around. Sue is a canoeing friend who happens to be an excellent freestyle paddler. She came to join us because I had told her that she could get some sailing in with this group.

After lunch I decided that it was time to get onto the water so I launched the kayak and paddled out through the surf. When I got a little ways offshore I turned back toward the beach and popped open the umbrella and made a very fast trip back to the beach.

Sue is one of those people who is game for anything so she made a couple of runs under better control than did I on my first run. That broke the ice, the gang headed back to the parking lot and began to rig their boats. There were six people in the three boats that got launched, each boat with skipper and crew.

The boats got launched and shoved clear of the dock one at a time. That left me and my skipper left to launch. I got on the only boat in the group that had a motor, mother didn't raise any dummies.

With the help from the trolling motor we got clear of the dock without incident. I headed upwind while the skipper set the sails. Soon we were underway with sail only.

Once we were out on the lake a fourth boat showed up with a solo sailor. He had motored over from Pepin, Wisconsin, to join us. His boat was one of the British Drascombes, a double ender with a single lug sail, it seemed to outsail anything else in the fleet.

All too soon we all had to head back in to call it a day. We went in first. We had a roller furling jib so the main got stowed and we headed in with jib only. The motor got lowered and set at slow astern as we approached the dock. I stepped off onto the dock with the bow line in hand and the jib got furled about the same moment, everything under control. We got this boat on the trailer and I helped the others get landed while my skipper stowed all his equipment.

We enjoyed a little more socializing before all headed home after a fun day on the water. Ratty's Boat never got into the water that day but it did draw some favorable comments in the parking lot.











On September 16 I traveled west to Athol in central Massachusetts for what should have been our Norumbega Chapter WCHA annual paddling trip to Tully Lake. Apparently everyone else had other plans for this late summer day, which turned out to be the closest thing to a perfect paddling day that I have ever enjoyed. I waited until a few minutes past 9am to see if anyone else was going to show up and then shoved off for a solo adventure to see how far up the East Branch I could go before running out of river. We tried this once before and, as I recall, we gave up because of running out of time with a little ways to go.

By 10am the fog had burnt off and the rest of the day was a ten on a scale of one to ten! Pleasant temps with just a hint of a breeze, bright sunshine from a clear blue sky.

The beavers had built a pretty decent dam just downstream from the launching area and this was holding back a good water level all the way up to Long Pond. The pond was attractive with some of the hardwoods just starting to change color, and with no wind it was an easy paddle to the north end to search for the elusive location where the river flows into the pond. It is sort of a delta area that changes every year. The stream tends to hide in the reeds and bushes out in the middle of the pond. After a bit of poking around I was able to find the inlet and headed upstream on my grand adventure.

Solo Adventure From Tully Lake

Tully Lake, Long Pond, and the East Branch of the Tully River

By Steve Lapey

Water levels in the upper river were better than usual, the beavers are really doing their job out here in central Massachusetts. The first couple of dams were on the small size, perhaps holding back 6" of water each, but as I progressed they became larger. Each one required moving forward in the canoe, stepping out on the dam, lifting and sliding the canoe up and over the dam, then getting back in and pushing away to continue. The trick here is getting out and back in from the narrow ends of the canoe without swimming. The good news is there was no swimming for this report.

While there had been a few kayakers on the lower river and on the pond, after the first beaver dam I had the river to myself. Those modern kayaks really have a hard time getting over the dams without some superhuman efforts. The old fashioned canoes make it look easy. Beaver dam #7 was right under the power lines and I arrived there at about 10:30am. By 11am I determined that I was at my destination. It was about a quarter of a mile past beaver dam #13 that the river sort of petered out in an area of gravel bars with just a trickle of water passing over them and lots of blown down trees blocking any further passage. This location was near the Route 68 crossing. I could hear dogs barking and automobiles on the road but I couldn't actually see the highway.

After starting back on my return trip I stopped for lunch at the footbridge for the Tully Trail. Many hikers were using the trail today and I passed the time of day with several of them. Most of those with whom I spoke couldn't figure out how I had gotten this far in a canoe. This bridge is a mandatory portage as beaver dam #10 is built directly under the bridge, leaving less than a foot of clearance. The downstream trek went smoothly but still every beaver dam needed to be dealt with the same as traveling upstream.

It was near 2pm when I arrived back at the launching area, loaded everything up, and hit the road for the return trip. Next summer we will schedule Tully again. I hope I can get some folks to come along, this is really a lovely paddling area and we should be taking advantage of it. It is only 45 minutes from Route 495 and within an hourand-a-half of Boston.

Water Bridge... Over a River!!!

By Sunny Wilster

Even after you see it, it is still hard to believe! A Water Bridge in Germany... What a feat. Six years, 500 million euros, 918 meters long. Now this is engineering!

This is a channel-bridge over the River Elbe and joins the former East and West Germany as part of the unification project. It is located in the city of Magdeburg, near Berlin. The photo was taken on the day of inauguration.

To those who appreciate engineering projects, here's a puzzle for you armchair engineers and physicists. Did that bridge have to be designed to withstand the additional weight of ship and barge traffic, or just the weight of the water?

Answer: It only needs to be designed to withstand the weight of the water! Why? A ship always displaces an amount of water that weighs the same as the ship, regardless of how heavily a ship may be loaded.

Remember your high school physics and the fly in an enclosed bottle project? Similarly, the super sensitive scale proved that it didn't make any difference whether the fly was sitting on the bottom, walking up the side, or flying around. The bottle, air, and fly were a single unit of mass and always weighed the same.





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I didn't need to bribe the cousins with ice cream to go sailing to Hog Island, as the possibility of finding pirate treasure was enticement enough. Legend had it that Captain Kidd had buried his hoard on Hog Island. We intended to try to prove the legend true!

My mother's rented "Holiday House" on Buzzards Bay was only a mile downwind from Hog Island, a green bump on the horizon. Our Hog Island shares its name with dozens, if not hundreds, of other islands on the U. S. East Coast. Early colonists used to turn their pigs loose on deserted islands to root around and fatten up away from the cultivated areas. There are also islands named for goats, cows, and sheep, probably for the same reason. As long as our Hog Island might have been visited by Captain Kidd, it was worth the trip!

Today Hog is no longer an island. The U.S. Army Corps of Engineers dug the Cape Cod Canal adjacent to the island and used the sand they excavated to build a causeway linking Hog's shore with the mainland. The strand formed on the southern edge of the causeway is now called Mashnee Dike Beach and it is a favorite destination for Buzzards Bay boaters.

We Cruise for Treasure

The Super Snark was suitable for carrying the four of us to Hog in today's southwester of 5-10kts. We tacked upwind along the causeway from Holiday House for about 1,000 yards, then we turned for the shore on a downwind run. Josh pulled out the daggerboard as I had trained him. I released the main sheet, letting the sail pivot downwind ahead of the hull. Then I climbed into the knee-deep water, unpinned and stowed the rudder, and pushed the hull against the sand. There was a little urgency to unload as even a mild chop can swamp the low freeboard of a Snark when its nose kisses the sandy shore. Waves can easily hop the transom and wet everyone's bottom! So we disembarked quickly.

The kids were all in sneakers. I didn't want to risk the wrath of their mothers by dunking them, for in the humid Cape Cod air wet shoes never dry out. I helped the crew hop one at a time off the gunwales and onto dry sand. With the Snark's simple lateen rig down the boom and gaff could be pressed together and the sail furled and wrapped with the sheet to keep it from catching the breeze and possibly tearing.

The sail had already split in a few places along the tack. Though I had taped the rips, it looked ugly and the sail repair tape was expensive. Eventually I started using duct tape which works better and is much cheaper. Now I know that any time a merchant uses a marine adjective to describe hardware, it becomes twice as expensive.

Beaching on the Dike

The boys each took a gunwale and Ellie pushed the transom. I gingerly took hold of the stem, trying not to dislodge the nose ring which penetrated it. Over the years its shaft had enlarged the hole in the polystyrene foam core of the hull so much that I'd had to use enormous fender washers to give the nut any chance of holding the nose ring snug. We dragged the Snark up the broad beach to the lowest wrack line. We'd be back long before the tide came up this far again.

At the edge of the sand, where the dune grass began, earlier visitors had worn a narrow path into the foliage. "Keep an eye out

Snark Bytes

The Cousins and Captain Kidd

By Rob Gogan

for ticks, everybody," I said as we went into the dense greenery. Ticks were especially abundant on the Cape that year. Every day we pulled or brushed a tick off one of the kids. Fortunately they were always the comparatively big dog ticks and not the tiny deer ticks that carry potentially deadly Lyme disease.

We crossed the paved causeway road to a narrow path on the other side. During Hurricane Bob the year before the storm surge had risen up to the asphalt from the south and eroded half a lane's worth of asphalt. Fortunately the dike held. If even the narrowest thread of a breakthrough had been eroded to the north side, the ripsaw action of the storm and the tides that followed would have opened a broad gut and turned Hog and Mashnee back to true islands again.

We came to the beach on the north side of the island, which had lots of good skipping stones. The kids helped themselves to these and competed to see who could get the most skips. I was more interested in the exposed wreckage of a barge that had run aground 100' offshore 50 years ago, perhaps during an earlier hurricane.

The Shipwreck

The tilted roof of a boxy metal cabin with a few pipes protruding was all that was visible at this state of tide. I called out to the others and pointed out the shipwreck and we walked down the beach. They asked some questions about it, like whether anyone had been on it when it went down. They also asked if I thought there might be any treasure still aboard. Too much talk of Captain Kidd.

Just then a slow tug pulling a loaded barge full of heating oil came out of the Canal fighting the Canal current upstream. I pointed out that the sunken barge, when floating, probably looked just like the one that chugged along before us. At its fastest the Canal tide could reach four knots. The pleasure boats going the other way made much faster progress with the tide.

I wanted to explain this to the kids, but it wasn't the time as they were more interested in seeing if they could throw a rock all the way out to the barge. Then they asked me if I could do it. "I can't," I said, but they wouldn't believe me until I had made a few pathetic attempts that fell short less than a third of the way out.

"Some treasure might have washed ashore from the wreck though. Find any gold or jewels yet?" I asked, glad for a break in the stone tossing game. With imagination whetted, the cousins scanned the beach as we resumed our walk along towards the island.

The Desert Island

Hog Island rises up from the dunes abruptly, its dense oak forest sprouting up like a green gumdrop. Sandy soil and steady winds stunt most of the trees to no more than 20' tall, though the oaks get a little taller towards the center of the island. The largest trees on the top of the island rise about 75' above sea level.

We followed a path through the beach grasses which led to the edge of the woods. A

locked steel gate blocked the way. I presumed the Corps intended it as a deterrent to vehicles and not innocent treasure hunters like us. We walked a well-worn path around it and headed up the path. I picked some sweet fern next to the gate and crushed its leaves for the kids to smell. "Watch out for ticks and poison ivy," I said. Both were abundant.

When we got to the top of the hill that was the island, the trees got taller. Amidst a circle of rocks we saw a large campfire site with charcoal and broken bottles where someone had had a woodsy beer fest "Looks like the pirates were here," I said.

"Do you think they're coming back soon?" Josh asked nervously.

"No, not soon. Probably after dark," I said. "Better listen for them, though." I broke out the juice boxes and crackers my wife Frann had packed for us and sat on a log for a breather. The cousins wouldn't sit down and looked around for pirate spoor as they sipped. I pointed out some broken beer bottle pieces. "Maybe amber and emeralds from the pirates! Want some?" I offered the colorful bits to the kids. They gladly accepted them and if they disbelieved that they were from a pirate hoard, they didn't show it.

Soon they got restless and wanted to keep exploring down the path which I knew led to a sunny bluff. I think they had their hearts set on stumbling across the protruding comer of a partly buried ancient wooden chest full of Captain Kidd's gold.

Dangerous Waters

I knew that the path ended at the sunny cliff top on the western edge of Hog. I was nervous to let them get too far ahead so I caught up and walked with them. The cliff exposed a face of dusty, sandy soil and at its steepest dropped down about 10'. It ended with the large, sharp, dark gray boulders of the riprap at the edge of the Cape Cod Canal. Falling onto the boulders' sharp angles wouldn't do any of us good so I urged caution.

Picking our way around the boulders we walked along the canal a short distance until we came to a man and a woman fishing. In the water next to them were a couple of handsome striped bass strung through the mouth and gills at least 40" long, well over the 36" minimum size for keepers in Massachusetts that year. The man checked his bait, which had been picked off the hook, and he showed us his menhaden or "pogy" baiting method. He tossed the heavily-weighted line 30' off shore, which was already in deep water.

Mushrooms and vortices on the surface belied a powerful current below. I wanted to chat with the fisherman some more but the cousins were starting to jump and balance along the rocks. Three feet out the water depth was already over their heads. It gave me the shivers imagining what could happen if they fell into the swift current. "OK, guys, it's time to get back to the boat," I said, and we headed back across the island through the woods. "Are those guys the pirates?" Chris asked. On the way back we started singing "15 Men on a Dead Man's Chest" and "Yo ho, yo ho, the pirate life for me."

The Run Home

When we reached the beach on the other side of the dike I was relieved to see the boat safely on the beach. If the tide had reached it the southwest wind would have kept it on shore, but the chop might have swamped it. The kids wanted to run all the way back

along the beach to the house instead of sailing back. I said that was all right as I would have a clear view from the water and could reach them quickly on a broad reach if they got into any trouble. They ran so fast that they were halfway home by the time I got the boat rigged, daggerboard down, rudder pinned and underway. I think their haste was largely due to the fact that at least one of them had to use the toilet.

Well, their taking the land route was fine with me. My boat sails fastest when lightest anyway and it slipped nimbly along

the little troughs and ridges kicked up by the southwester. I hoped the cousins would get distracted and give me a chance to catch up. Zooming along just offshore, trying to not slip downwind onto the beach rocks, I was reminded of skiing. I was digging in with my daggerboard and rudder against the wind the same way skiers dig in their downhill edges against the slope. But I didn't ski fast enough to catch them, and they scrambled up the rocks and beat me to the house by five minutes.

Back safely in the Holiday House

kitchen, Ellie, Chris, and Josh presented their mothers with the "jewels." "Part of Captain Kidd's treasure," they said impressively. Whether or not they believed it, the cousins felt like bold adventurers to say to their mothers. Frann and my sister Jill thanked them profusely. Though they didn't really buy the story, the ladies were grateful that I had taken the kids out, and didn't spoil my gag.

We may not have found Captain Kidd's actual treasure, but we did collect fun memories of our seafaring adventure more valuable than any jewels, whether glass or real.

The Maine Island Trail Association (MITA) recognized eight exceptional volunteers at its 18th Annual Stewardship Party on August 24. MITA provides stewardship to over 150 public and private islands and coastal sites in Maine thanks to the efforts of over 200 volunteer stewards and to funds donated by its members.

The Partnership Award this year was given to Bob Haskell on behalf of the Kennebunkport Conservation Trust which contributed 12 new islands to the Trail and provided a dedicated corps of member volunteers who regularly maintain and monitor the condition of the islands off Kennebunkport. The partnership between MITA and the KCT furthers a MITA strategy of collaborating with other non-profits that specialize in conservation land acquisitions while MITA focuses on stewardship and access management of Maine islands.

The Outreach Award was given to Mike Scarborough of Friendship, Maine, who has been a long-time MITA volunteer and participant in several events, including the Maine Boatbuilder's Show, the Maine Boats, Homes & Harbors Show, and various in-store events. He has been an instrumental volunteer in MITA's community outreach program and provides many volunteer hours each season.

The Adopter Award went to Rit Roberts, also from Friendship, Maine, who has adopted two islands in Muscongus Bay that he visits year-round. MITA island adopters visit their islands and regularly record their observations as well as educate island visitors in

MITA Recognizes Volunteers

"leave no trace" use practices and other MITA guidelines. As a result, MITA records are the most comprehensive and accurate records available for measuring the changes in Maine islands due to natural as well as human impact.

Meg Miller of Yarmouth, Maine, received the award for Office Volunteer, representing hundreds of hours contributed to office as well as trail work. Meg became a volunteer to carry on the support of MITA begun by her father, Bill Rice, of South Freeport, Maine.

Bill Mozak of Bath, Maine, who has served as a MITA volunteer skipper for three years monitoring the conditions on MITA islands in the Western Rivers and Muscongus Bay areas, received the Monitor Award. MITA supplies boats, motors, and fuel while members supply the hours to monitor conditions on most MITA islands on a weekly basis during the summer months.

MITA is best known for its Spring and Fall island clean-ups in which dozens of members using MITA boats remove sea-borne trash and debris from the Trail islands along the entire coast. John and Charlotte Lawton of Orrington, Maine, were this year's recipients of the Clean-up Award in recognition of their extraordinary commitment to MITA over the past decade. This year alone the Lawton's vol-

unteered for eight

clean-ups.

The Margaret C. Emerson Award is named for Mrs. Emerson who, with her husband, placed the first of 89 privately owned islands on the Maine Island Trail. Steve Spencer of Whitefield, Maine, founding Trail member and trustee as well as MITA's longterm liaison with the Maine Bureau of Parks and Lands, was recognized for his vision, leadership, and countless hours of volunteered time on behalf of MITA.

MITA is a non-profit membership organization based in Portland, Maine. It serves the dual missions of island stewardship and island access. Approximately half its members live in Maine. Individual membership is \$45/year, family membership is \$65/year, business memberships start at \$250/year. More information may be found at www.mita.org.



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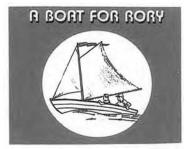
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See Review in October 1 Issue!

There are a variety of points in time that I could consider the beginning of this adventure, but I'm going to settle on the day Stanley bought my garden tractor. I actually enjoyed using this machine to cut my grass, but the town had put up some signs restricting parking along the road between my sidewalk and the curb. Anyhow, this made the tractor pretty worthless for lawn mowing purposes so I put a "For Sale" sign on it.

Stanley stops, takes it for a test ride, gives me some cash, and we load it on his pickup truck. As we get it nicely tied down he asked me if I have any old violins. I tell him my mom has at least two in the house that I know of, but she won't part with them. On the other hand, she is pushing 90 and her health is not great. As politely as one can make such a request, he asked me if I'd let him know when they became available.

Well, mom saw 90, 91, and nearly 92. Once the "dust" from her passing had settled I located three violins and a trombone. I called Stanley, and he was quite happy with his find and gave me a reasonable offer. As he's loading the violins up into his car, he asks me, "What are you going to do with the house?" I told him we'd be getting it appraised, then likely, sell it. He asked that I contact him when I have the appraisals.

Meanwhile, my eldest daughter has already asked my wife and I why we don't move closer to her and her kids. With mom's departure there really was nothing holding us where we were. My wife and youngest daughter, who lives with us, made one demand, we put a pool in our new backyard. I responded with my demand, that we set enough money aside so I can buy a sailboat.

Good ole Stanley took the top estimate of four real estate people, chopped off their commission, made me a reasonable offer only slightly less than that came to. We signed our names and my wife and I went into high gear looking for a new home. I had owned that home for exactly three hours. Cleaning it out was a MAJOR project, but that's fodder for another article in a different magazine.

We found a new place, invested some money, bought our pool, and I put aside enough to buy my boat. Stanley, meanwhile, has done extreme surgery to the old house and has it on the market for much more money. Hopefully he'll get his price.

Back to the boat. New Jersey is a lousy state in which to go sailboat shopping. Not that one cannot find sailboats, but all I could find were the fiberglass production boats whose only planned function seems to be racing other identical, boats. I wanted something a little more traditional. I found myself on the internet looking at the Sailing Skiff 15 from Chesapeake Marine Design, who was kind enough to find me a builder, who was kind enough to advise me this boat was kind of a small 15-footer, and I'd probably, given my three grandchildren, wish I'd had something just slightly larger built. CMD had a 18' model planned for the near future but wasn't sure when.

Then I remembered the Shell Boat's Crabclaw Cat. That was much more than I wanted but it was impressive. Shell not only sells kits, he'll build them for you which is what I needed, as otherwise I have no doubt the kit would stay in the box. The Swifty 12 in his ad is not, to my mind, so impressive, but the Swifty 14 on the website looked more interesting. I called Fred Shell and talked to him about extending that model a foot or so.

My Boat Buying Adventure

By John Smith

He was a very nice gentleman to talk to and said he'd done that several times.

After looking at his catalog and video his boats became much more impressive. I wanted a split rig and found it on the Swifty 15. I called and inquired about building that model, sans cabin. Cabins on 15' boats are pretty useless for most people past their teenage years.

Meantime, I spoke to Mike O'Brien at WoodenBoat and Bob Hicks. Both assured me that those Shell boat owners they've heard from have been happy with their boats. That was good enough for me. I called Fred and asked how much of a deposit he needed to hold my place in line when he finished the Cat he was building next and put the check in the mail that day.

Fred assured me he'd have my boat done by June 15. 1 told him that was fine as I likely couldn't come and get it until grandkids were all done with school. During the course of what seemed like an endless winter, I called or wrote Fred several times. Long about mid-May I called to make sure all was on schedule. He assured me it was and I went ahead and made motel reservations for Friday, June 23, so my wife and I could drive up to Vermont, stay over, and tow the boat home on Saturday, June 24.

Meanwhile, I had U-Haul put a hitch on my car with the 2" ball Fred specified. Fred then called me and said that he had gotten my trailer and it needs a 1%" ball. I go back to U-Haul. They are quite willing to change the ball but they can't get the old one off. Problem solved by changing the draw bar, too. During the ball size conversation I asked Fred to put a drain plug in the boat by the transom so I can park in on my driveway (which may be the steepest hill in town) and hose it out. Also good for draining rain water.

Finally the day came. My wife and I hit the road and headed for St. Albans, Vermont. Triple A sent us up Interstate 87 in New York almost to the Canadian border, then east a few miles, then south a few miles into St. Albans. We stopped at the Econolodge and got our room and I called Fred to let him know we were in town. We agreed that June and I would go have some dinner and then drive to his place to see my new boat. That got us there about 6:30pm.

I was a bundle of mixed emotions. First, it was hard to believe this was really happening. Second, I really didn't know how the two dimensional picture of the cabin model would look in three dimensional real life. Also, having lived with the "Smith Curse" (far worse than anything Murphy had to deal with) I half expected that, in spite of our best efforts, the coupler wouldn't fit the ball or the wiring harness wouldn't match.

When we drove into his yard Fred had the boat sitting on the trailer with all the sails up. It was a beautiful sight. I looked into the boat and loved the way the seating layout looked. I was looking at the nicest 15' daysailer I have ever seen. Then, when the harness matched and the coupler fit onto the ball, I was ecstatic.

We were a bit skeptical of parking it at our hotel so Fred suggested we do all the paperwork and leave the boat there overnight. He was going sailing the next morning but he'd get my boat all set up for towing home and park it in his garage. That worked for us. He also suggested an alternate route home.

June and I got to his place about 7:30 Saturday morning. He and his cat were already gone. I opened the garage door to find my little yacht. Everything nicely bundled and ready to go. Sails in a duffle bag and a couple of cans of touch-up paint in a box along with a note with his cell phone number in case we had a problem.

I pulled the boat out of the garage, hooked it up to my car, put the sails and paint in the car, carefully removed Fred's cat from the car where he had parked himself, and headed home. We took Fred's route suggestion and had a much more pleasant drive on the way home. Didn't go as fast but shaved about 60 miles off the distance.

As we ran into lots of heavy rain, especially after we got back into New Jersey, I was sure glad we'd put the drain plug in. I pulled into my driveway, parking with the boat still on the hill so rain water would all run out. Sadly it sat there until July 7 before weather and some other scheduled activities allowed for launching.

During this time I put my motor on and found to my minor dismay that the twin rudders would hit the prop on my short shaft motor before they hit the built in "stop" provided by the mizzen mast. I needed, therefore, to put a couple of new "stops" to prevent damage to rudders, prop, or shear pin. It is unlikely this will have a noticeable impact on sailing as it is only a slight adjustment. I also spent some time designing and building a boarding ladder to fasten to the transom.

A friend joined me for a sail in very modest wind on Lake Mercer. All went well until we had to get the boat onto the trailer. The guides supplied with the boat had broken and it was most difficult to get the twin keels of this boat properly lined up. We succeeded, however, and upon getting home, I devised a better guide for this purpose. The new guide is a "V" shaped thing mounted center trailer to fit between the twin keels. It is hinged so the back end floats to water's surface and is always visible. Pull bow of boat over this point and boat comes up on trailer nicely. At least that was the plan.

July 12 brought a real sail on Barnegat Bay with some members of the Delaware River Chapter of the TSCA. Launch time was 10am at Berkley Island County Park. Some of us opted to launch across the street at Trixie's as the ramp was better.

This is when the good and bad qualities of the boat and rig made themselves known. The wind was strong and stepping the mainmast proved to be a considerable feat. The gentleman who had planned on joining me didn't make it and I had to do everything myself. I learned this boat did not lend itself to single-handing as rigged. Sans help, I gave up trying to get the sprit boom in place and headed for Tice's Shoal for lunch. directly upwind.

I left the dock with all three sails set and sailing nicely, in spite of the sprit boom still being in the cockpit. Soon the jib sheets pulled out of their jam cleats as they were not properly fairleaded, and rather than pulling straight through the jam cleat they were pulled at a slight angle upward. This arrangement had worked fine in the modest winds of

Lake Mercer a few days earlier but did not work at all in the stronger wind of this day. Without a second pair of hands on board, I just had to let the jib fly loose. Same problem occurred with the jigger but I was able to fasten its sheets fairly securely to normal cleats. This allowed me to make the windward trek to our lunch rendezvous.

While at anchor, and with some help, I managed to get the sprit boom for the main properly in place and took the jib down entirely as I couldn't control it. We left Tice's Shoal with the plan to sail to windward for an hour or so, then fall off and head back to the ramp. As unhappy as I was with the rigging and sheeting plan, I was delighted with the performance of this boat. With only myself aboard and the wind having picked up to over 20 knots, I was unable to trim the main sheet simply due to the force of its pull. The boat, however, stood up to the wind with great stability. I was moving along quite rapidly, and the lee rail never came close to the water.

About 2:45pm my "buddy" boat and I crossed paths and he suggested we fall off and head for home. In spite of fairly rough seas my downwind run seemed quite sure and stable. My biggest problem was how to slow the boat down when I got back to the dock. I also couldn't pull the dagger board up as I didn't have an extra pair of hands with which to do it.

At about 3pm disaster struck. Exactly what happened, I can't say. It felt like the daggerboard caught something that shouldn't have been there. Perhaps I just screwed up "surfing" in a following sea. All I know is that I capsized, something that up until that point seemed extremely unlikely. The boat urned turtle and I had apparently found the only spot in Barnegat Bay that was just 15' deep as my masthead got stuck in the bottom of the bay.

It is difficult to hang on to an upside down boat in rough seas. Fortunately I had my "buddy" boat nearby. Paul, my buddy, called the Coast Guard and came up alongside, throwing me a line. While he had no boarding ladder for me to get aboard his boat, it is easier to hang on to an upside up boat. However, with the up and down motion of the waves I began to lose my pants and I couldn't get Paul or Craig too interested in that part of the problem. Eventually my pants found their way off my legs and to the bottom of the bay, along with my car keys and my wallet. When the bathing suit I was wearing under them began to follow the same path, I grabbed it and threw it in their boat.

Then some nice people in a large sail-boat with a nice looking boarding ladder came along and backed their transom up to me so I could climb out on their ladder. Sadly the bottom rung on their ladder was only slightly below the water's surface and it was of no use to get me out of the water. Finally a rescue boat arrived, and I, having been in the water now for about an hour, was relieved to know that now I'll get out of the water.

Strangely, the rescue boat had no apparatus for getting people out of the water and my hopes kind of dwindled. He did have twin 200hp outboards, which he shut off. With some effort I got a foot on a propeller hub. With a little more effort I got my other foot on the other hub. From there I managed to worm my way into his cockpit.

I was not allowed to go with him to rescue my boat. Instead, he put me on the police boat that had shown up and sent me, via

them, back to Trixie's. First, however, he wanted a credit card before he'd go rescue my boat. Considering he knew my credit cards were in my wallet, which was in my pants, which had sunk, I thought this a fruitless request. He did let me use his cell phone to call my wife and ask her to meet me at Trixie's with car keys and credit card, but it would take her the better part of two hours to arrive. Finally, he decided he'd trust me and off I went on the police boat to Trixie's.

My boat arrived in tow perhaps a half hour later. There were about 3" of water in the bilge and I asked why he hadn't pumped it all out. He replied he had done no pumping. It came upright that way. Of course, he had to cut some "strings" to right the boat and the main mast, sprit boom, and two sails were not with the boat. The coolers, oars, and pretty much everything else was still in the boat, however.

We used Paul's car to back my trailer down the ramp and pull the boat out of the water. Good news, my guide system worked great. We also took the motor, which had been submerged all this time, off the boat and left it at Trixie's for service (picked it up next day, and it seems to have survived the ordeal).

We asked the Sea Tow people, when we called in our credit card number that evening, to use their GPS to go back to the spot and try to find the mast, which Paul says was sticking out of the water about a foot after having worked its way out of the mast step. As I have not heard from them I assume they either didn't look or couldn't find it.

I called Fred Shell, who was embarking on a vacation, to inquire as to cost of new stuff to replace the lost stuff. Also, I have been designing new sail control arrangements better suited for sailing alone, plus a tabernacle for the mainmast. When Fred got back, we talked. I gave up the idea of a tabernacle and instead made a little "box" that I mounted on deck just forward of the mast step hole. Basically it allows me to put the foot of the mast in this box, walk the mast up, and, when upright, mast slides into hole. It should work well and has no moving parts.

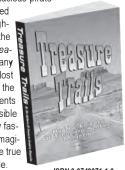
As I finish this piece, it is September 1. My new mast and sails have been shipped. I hope there'll be some decent weather in the weeks ahead so I can go sailing again. If not, it's going to be a long winter. This is a beautiful, stable boat. Above problems aside, I look forward to many enjoyable outings.



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International Scene

Custom agents at Hamburg seized 19 shipping containers with 160,000 pairs of smuggled shoes wearing counterfeit Nike labels. Street value was more than \$20 million.

Venezuela's Hugo Chavez recently signed several contracts in China. One was for building 18 tankers.

Increases in world shipping plus need for repair work on canal locks made for too much business and so the Panama Canal Authority has been auctioning off transit slots. One tanker recently bid \$200,300 rather than its usual \$13,400 transit fee because it could not afford a week-long wait for passage.

Hard Knocks and Thin Places

The small tanker *Saint Vincente* sank off New Caledonia. Two of the crew of ten who escaped in a lifeboat suffered minor injuries.

A crane on a barge hit power lines in the Tokyo area and left over one million homes dark and also shut down railroads, subway lines, and at least 900 elevators, some with people inside.

The reefer *Ice Flakes* suffered damage in an engine room fire off Mozambique and was towed into Durban.

The car carrier *Cougar Ace* nearly capsized near the Aleutian Islands while shifting ballast water but salvors corrected a nearly 80° list and the vessel was towed to Portland. Early reports indicated that few of the 4,800 Mazda automobiles on board suffered damage, but one member of the salvage crew lost his life when he unfastened his safety belt and then slipped down the nearly vertical deck. (Mazda stated that any undamaged cars will be sold as used vehicles.)

The cargo ship *Amar* was on fire in the Indian Ocean between Sri Lanka and Sumatra and so the crude oil tanker *Bright Artemis* went to the rescue. While plucking off its crew, the *Bright Artemis* was gashed by the *Amar*. Some 4,500 tons of oil leaked out.

Fire in Hold No. 4 of the container ship *YM Green* was brought under control and the ship safely berthed at Singapore.

The big bulker *Creciente* broke away from an iron ore loading berth at Australia's Port Hedland and drifted around until nudged by tugs onto a sandbank. No reason was given for why the ship went adrift.

Two crew members were killed and another two injured when a pump exploded on the Suez Canal dredge *Khattab*. Canal authorities have been deepening the Canal from 66' (20m) to 73' (23m) so supertankers will not have to offload cargo to get through the waterway.

Gray Fleets

Scottish shipbuilders will build two Jebat-class frigates for Malaysia. More precisely, yards at Scotstoun and Govan will build sections of the warships which will then be towed to Malaysia for assembly.

A Chinese military patrol boat sank off Guangdong Province after it collided with the cargo ship *Pacific Adventurer*. Thirteen of the 63 persons on the patrol boat went missing.

The Finnish Navy looked for a possible submarine after an unusual sound was detected by an onshore surveillance unit.

Australian naval experts say a shift to nuclear-powered submarines is imperative if their nation is to deal with complex security issues in the next two decades.

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

The Royal Navy will sell its trademark White Ensign logo and other logos (including those of the Royal Marine Commandos and Submarine Service) so they can appear on quality products from clothing to computer games. The sales are supposed to be a marketing exercise to make the Service seem "trendy and cool" to a young audience and thus a good career prospect.

The carrier USS Ronald Reagan returned from six months overseas, bringing with it 4,800 crewmen and 1,200 family members and friends. Also tuberculosis. A preliminary round of TB testing showed 4.4% positives among 776 people tested. Soon after, everyone was tested.

US Navy USNS *Apache* rescued seven fishermen after their canoe swamped off Freeport, Liberia. The Navy fleet tug was doing port surveys in anticipation of improved U.S.-Liberia relations.

And the Navy will retire its last Dieselelectric submarine, the *USS Dolphin*. Money is no longer available to keep the research submarine going in spite of a \$50 million rebuild within the last four years.

An electrical panel fire on the Russian Victor 111-class nuclear submarine *Danill Moskovsky* (K-414) killed two but no radiation leaked into the Barents Sea.

The Sri Lanka Navy rescued 34 Bangladeshi from the lumber-carrying *Amanth Sah* when it sank while under tow off Koggala,

A new Russian intercontinental missile under test fell into the sea shortly after being launched by a submarine. Four previous tests of the Bulava missile had been successful. A new intercontinental missile that carries three warheads was successfully launched from a Russian submarine near the North Pole.

Russian divers announced that they found the wreckage of the *USS Wahoo* (SS 238). While under the command of Commander Dudley "Mush" Morton, *Wahoo* was one of the three deadliest U.S. submarines in the Pacific during World War II.

A Russian shipbuilder will supply six heavy air-cushion landing craft to China. They will be among the world's largest air-cushioned landing craft and can carry three T-80 main battle tanks. (Many observers anticipate the China will build more in-nation.)

The reactor for India's nuclear powered submarine project is working smoothly at its full capacity of 100kWe. It went critical in 2004 and is fully operational now.

Two U.S. Coast Guard divers died in shallow water operations in the Arctic Ocean while diving from the *USCGC Healy*. The icebreaker's commanding officer was temporarily relieved of his command because the Pacific area commander lost confidence in him.

White Fleets

The *Golden Princess* will carry 3,800 passengers and crew into Antarctic waters. At 109,000 tons it is about ten times as big as the usual Antarctic cruise ship.

The *Crown Princess* headed out of Port Canaveral, Florida, for a nine-day Caribbean cruise but something (probably a sudden defect in the ship's steering or perhaps in the active stabilizers, but maybe a human failing

or a combination of factors) forced the ship into a hard roll of perhaps as much as 38 degrees. About 240 of the ship's 3,400 passengers were injured, some seriously enough to require hospitalization. The ship's four swimming pools also needed refilling.

The U.S. Coast Guard recalled the *Celebration* from the Bahamas for inspection after it struck the sea bottom while docking at Nassau.

Halfway round the world, Dubai is fast becoming a major cruise port, with two cruise ships home-ported there and ten visiting this year.

A Florida woman disappeared from the *Voyager of the Seas* while it was headed for Naples and her body was found, a victim of drowning.

An Ohio woman disappeared from the *Imagination* while on a four-day cruise to Key West and Mexico. The FBI said it didn't look like foul play was involved.

The *Pacific Sun* will host a three-day, all-gay cruise next year, sailing from Sydney. The contents of gift bags will include condoms.

The Australian chief purser on the Sapphire Princess stole half a million dollars from the ship's safe and was arrested when the ship docked at Ketchikan, Alaska. The money was found in a cardboard box at the foot of her bed.

Celebrity's 90,000-ton *Summit* arrived at Seward, Alaska, with a dead whale, possibly a humpback, draped across its bulbous bow. Everyone was surprised to find it there.

Alaskan citizens approved new taxes on cruise ships and companies are assessing the possible damages. Included were a \$50 per passenger head tax, a tax on gambling profits, payment of corporate income tax, and other inflictions. Three Carnival brands, Holland American, Princess Cruises, and Carnival Cruises are among the cruise companies affected.

They That Go Back and Forth

Tom Drewek got such a warm feeling when he was rescued from the waters of Lake Michigan by the Milwaukee-Muskegon ferry Lake Express that a year later he married Sherry Thurston on the same ferry. (Disappointingly for romanticists among this column's readers, they met online.)

Overloading and bad weather killed at least 35 after a ferry sank on a lake between the Democratic Republic of Congo and Rwanda.

The same weekend at least 15 people, seven of them children, died after a boat capsized on Ghana's Lake Volta,

On the Croatian island of Split, all of more than 300 passengers were jostled and 18 were seriously hurt when a ferry lost both engines, its two anchors failed to hold, and it hit a concrete pier.

At least 30 drowned when a boat overturned on a rain-swollen Ganges River in eastern India

Egyptian ferry operators cancelled booking by 20,000 Egyptian pilgrims hoping to visit Saudi Arabia for the religious ceremony called "Umrah" after Egyptian authorities found up to six vessels to be unseaworthy.

And some Egyptian ferry operators in the Red Sea may have learned that it can be the better part of valor to yelp for help. The *Cleopatra* sent off distress signals when one of its engines broke down. It and about 1,000 passengers were towed back to the Saudi port of Jeddah without incident.

In the Caribbean a broken bow thruster on the *Warrior Spirit* forced passengers to spend 18 hours overnight on the ferry instead of the normal three hours. It arrived at Scarborough on Tobago and was within sight of the pier when it was ordered to return to Port of Spain on Trinidad.

Off Cape Cod the ferry *Katama* plods between Woods Hole and Martha's Vineyard several times a day year round. This pleases scientists because she now carries a suite of sensors measuring water temperature, salinity, oxygen, chlorophyll, and water purity. A similar suite may be installed on the *Eagle*, which travels between Hyannis and Nantucket, a few miles east of Katama's route.

In Vietnam, an over-eager conductor signaled that passengers and vehicles were safety aboard the *An Binh 100 VL 8688* ferry when, in fact, they were still boarding. The ferry pulled out, the metal boarding ramp gave way, and eight passengers and ten motorcycles disappeared into the Mekong Delta. Four people went missing.

Near the French-administered island of Mayote in the Indian Ocean, the ferry *al-Houbarak* capsized in high winds. The loss was not revealed until a body washed ashore four days later. Forty-three out of 76 persons aboard died.

The Philippine ferry *Princess of the Universe* ran aground near Canigo Island. None of the 735 passengers and 85 crew was in danger because the 13,526gt ferry floated free at high tide and it was towed to the nearest port.

Two Canary Island ferry operators refused to carry 90 African migrants after receiving ambiguous warnings that they might be carrying tuberculosis.

Nature

Australia has joined those nations supporting one or more Emergency Towing Vessels on standby to prevent marine pollution events. The *Pacific Responder* will patrol in the Torres Strait and Great Barrier Reef areas and, between excitements, will service aids to navigation.

Oil leaking off Santa Cruz, California, has been traced to a sunken ship built of concrete as a World War I oil tanker. Seabirds now can dive into tanks recently opened due to erosion and several dozen have died from getting oiled.

A Panamanian registered, Greek owned, Russian manned, Dutch chartered ship named the *Probo Koala* reportedly brought a load of a petrol-type substance with a high sulphur content into the Ivory Coast port of Abidjan and the load was distributed to a number of local open landfills. The waste contained hydrogen sulfide and organochloride. Soon, hundreds of people were sick, three people including two children had died, and the entire Ivory Coast cabinet resigned while denying any responsibility.

At Eemshaven in Holland, Greenpeace activists kept the Russian-flagged reefer *Mumrinskiy* from unloading a load of cod. Greenpeace claimed the fish had been "stolen" from the Barents Sea when trawlers under-reported daily catches and transferred the overages to reefers like the *Mumrinskiy*. The fish is then illegally "laundered" into the European fish market.

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

Piracy is still alive and well off the coast of Somalia but anti-piracy efforts by one ship paid off in when trailing speedboats became discouraged and veered off.

Off Vietnam, pirates boarded fishing boats and tried to force fishermen to go to Cambodia. A Vietnamese patrol intercepted and captured four pirates.

In Bangladesh, armed robbers were busy in the Chittagong anchorage, with two robberies and two thwarted attempts in one week. Knives were usually the weapon of choice.

In Nigeria, firearm-equipped men boarded an American-owned supply boat looking for things to steal. Finding nothing, they executed a Nigerian worker on the vessel and wounded another. Violence has been increasing in the Niger Delta, home to Africa's largest oil industry.

Full-scale civil war returned to Sri Lanka, and a six-hour pitched battle between units of the Sri Lankan Navy and Tamil Tiger boats resulted in 12 of the Tiger boats sunk and as many as 100 rebels dead, and (depending on the news report read) several navy boats were either sunk or slightly damaged.

A Sri Lankan Navy vessel carried about 800 civilians who had been stranded in the Jaffna area because of the renewed violence. Many more civilians are still trapped on the Jaffna peninsula and food was reported as running short.

Legal Matters

The U.S. Marines saved his 3,000-ton Dominican-registered ship from Somalia pirates and later, when his engines failed, Iraqi master Dieaa Abed Nasih rigged makeshift sails from cargo booms and sailed his ship into Seychelles waters so local authorities could tow his ship into port. But a court ordered the ship sold to pay almost \$300,000 for the tow and delinquent crew wages. He said, "I don't even know where to go next because the owner, the United Arab Emirates, blames me for losing their ship."

The South Korea-based Sun Ace Shipping Company was banned from operating in the U.S. for three years after a court found the company guilty of violating antipollution regulations. Penalties totaling \$500,000 were also invoked. Separately, the chief engineer of the company's bulker Sun New was indicted on three counts involving the illegal dumping of oily wastes overboard.

Two U.S. governmental agencies fined Dutra Dredging a combined \$735,000 for ocean dumping violations during eight Corps of Engineer projects in the San Francisco Bay region. Most violations involved scows leaking spoil while en route to designated dump areas and the dumping of spoil outside such areas, often in a marine sanctuary.

Metal Bashing

An official governmental committee reported that almost one out of every six workers at Alang, the ten-mile stretch of shipbreaking operations along a beach in India, showed traces of the early stages of asbestosis and the annual death rate average on the beach is two deaths per 1,000 workers. Mining (0.34 fatalities per 1,000) is usually considered to be the unsafest industry.

In spite of Greenpeace efforts and legal discussions in several nations about excessive amounts of asbestos, the tugs *Seaways 5* and *Intersurf* beached the beautiful ex-liner, later cruise ship *Blue Lady* (ex-*SS Norway, France*) at Alang for scrapping.

Cape Town has run out of capacity in its ship repair and marine surveying services. The port, at the tip of Africa, services oil production vessels working on the west African oil fields as well as vessels and rigs needing repairs before continuing long trans-South Atlantic or Indian Ocean voyages.

USS Des Moines (CA-134), the last U.S. Navy cruiser with 8" guns, was towed to scrappers in Brownsville, Texas.

After months of arrgle-barrgle, Her Majesty's Government finally decided that the decision whether Able UK can scrap up to 13 ex-U.S. Navy auxiliary vessels should be left to local authorities after all. Thus the Hartlepool Borough Council has the final word. However, the Government has made it clear that it is in the national interest that at least one "green" shipbreaking facility should be established somewhere in the U.K.

A Dutch heavy-lift ship carried a discarded Russian submarine from the Polyarny shipyard on the Kola Peninsula in the Barents Sea to a shipyard at Severodvinsk in the Arkhangelsk region for dismantlement. The same company will carry a second sub over the same route and a third sub from Gremikha (a former naval base on the east coast of the Kola Peninsula) to the Polyarny shipyard.

Odd Bits

Multi-billionaires often feel that they have to own a submarine in addition to a couple of megayachts, but Russian-born, Lithuanian citizen and Russian tycoon Vladimir Romanov has exceeded his peers because he now owns an ex-warship, the legendary Soviet ballistic missile submarine K-19, star of a film (along with Harrison Ford and Liam Neeson) about a deadly nuclear reactor accident aboard the submarine in 1961. Due to the resultant radiation sickness, only 48 of the original crew of 139 are still alive. Romanov plans to keep the sub as a museum. He has a deep personal attachment to it because he served on it from 1966-1969, a period he describes as "character building."

Speed costs but sometimes speed becomes economically attractive. The new Hanjin Bremerhaven, the first of a class of eight 6,500-container ships, rips along at 27 knots and thus is the world's fastest container ship. The speed shaves off two days on the transit time from Asia to Europe.

Old-timers may remember a beautiful clipper-bowed luxury liner named *Stella Polaris*. Built in Sweden in 1927 and used by the Germans during World War II, the ship spent much of its life as a luxury passenger liner. A Japanese company bought it in 1970 and used it as Scandinavian-style hotel and restaurant. Recently the vessel was bought by a Swedish company that planned to use it similarly in Stockholm. But the liner, now known as the *Scandinavia*, sank while under tow for Shanghai.

NOAA and Monterey Bay Aquarium Research Institute scientists are investigating the remains of the airship *USS Macon* that crashed into Monterey Bay in 1935 during severe weather. They will use a Remotely Operated Vehicle to examine and photograph the remains.

Headshakers

Some Indonesian fishermen decided to toss their skipper overboard. Luckily for them, he clung to a net while they came the realization that he was the only person who could navigate them back to harbor.

I used to fix engines in boats to make money so I could stay in the boatbuilding business. There is plenty of that kind of work and, unlike building small boats, it pays pretty good. I think the reason is because when people already have a big inboard boat that won't run they feel like they have to fix it even if it costs a bunch of money, whereas they don't actually have to turn loose of a big wad for a real good dinghy right this minute. A little glue and the old inflatable will serve just as wonderfully as it has in the past. I guess doctors, lawyers, and undertakers are all richer than me for the same reason. When something bad happens, folks expect to shell out. Some bad things happen down in the engine rooms of boats.

Around here, in the north Gulf of Mexico, there is a species of little green minnow that hangs around obstacles in the water. I have been trying for a long time to find out what they are and I am sure that I will as soon as I get up the nerve to brave the turmoil of Florida State University so I can go to the library. These little minnows, though much smaller than anchovies, are adults. They are vigorous feeders on amphipods which live in little mud tubes which they, the amphipods, build on any solid surface near a mud bottom, solid surfaces like boats. They are so thick on my own sailboat where it swings on its mooring over a mud bottom that I don't have to fool with the bottom job ritual. The thick coating of mud amphipod tubes on the bottom of the boat make it so that barnacles can't find a place to hang on.

When I have to use the boat, all I have to do is swim around for a little while and scrub the mud off the bottom with a barbecue grill scrubber. It ain't all pure joy though. Those amphipods don't like to have their little mud houses destroyed and they bite. They particularly like to gnaw all around the waistband of a bathing suit so, though this is a public place, I work naked. In the interest of I take off my bathing suit and hang it on the wheel, and I try not to porpoise too much as I dive and scrub.

The harbor where my boat stays with its protective coat of tiny homes is one of the coziest little shelters in Apalachee Bay. People anchor up here all the time to get away from northers and southeasters and these damned two-week blows out of the west that will sandblast the shine off of anything. Though it is a good little hole, the mud bottom makes it so you feel like you got hold of something when you ain't and some of those people wind up drug ashore that first windy night.

There are other hazards of the little harbor, too. Sometimes the weather holds them up in there longer than they want to stay and they run out of battery. They crank up the main engine to make a little electricity to keep the stereo playing those oldies. Sometimes, if they have a good dinghy, they make a little trip to see the sights while the engine is running. All too commonly, when they get back the engine is not running anymore and has seized so badly that it cannot be recrunk.

If they have a heat exchanger they find that all the antifreeze has boiled out, the exhaust hose is cooked, the paint is blistered on the cylinder heads, and the whole boat stinks. If their engine is raw water cooled, they find that the exhaust hose is cooked, the paint is blistered on the cylinder heads, and

The Best of Robb White 1997–2000

A Few Little Known Organic Hazards of the Sea

By Robb White

(Robb's fascination with all things organic that he came into contact with resulted in a number of stories such as this one from the September 15, 1999 issue).

the whole boat stinks. If they have a keel cooler, the engine is still running, the battery is charged, and the whole boat stinks. If their engine is cooled by a rubber impeller pump (one of the most treacherous inventions of modern man) feeding the engine directly or a heat exchanger, they find that the raw water strainer is jam-packed full of green minnows, getting greener all the time.

I dove on such a rig one time just to see how it happened. The school of little fish was clustered back around the propeller and the rudder. Though that was their main hangout, small groups or even individuals were continuously making short forays all over the bottom of the boat. They looked industriously all around the shaft zinc and cutlass bearing. They stuck their noses into the crack between the rudder stock and the sternpost and they checked every through-the-hull fitting most carefully. When they looked into the little hole where the engine water goes in...zoop. It is amazing how many of the people who get in that fix will just abandon the whole project and leave the boat, dead minnows and all, just as they found it without realizing that the mechanic has a surcharge for working in a stinking boat.

I mentioned how disasters of that sort make a boat stink but it doesn't take all that to make a boat smell bad. The stench of a hot engine and all its hot hoses in normal operation is hard to keep away from on a sailboat, but after it cools down and the vent fan runs for a little while it is possible to imagine that all is idyllic again. Most cruisers get so used to it that they don't realize that, like submariners, they have a characteristic smell, no matter how much wiggle-tail water and hair spray they use. Cruisers smell like an exhaust hose and submariners smell like diesel fuel. The smell comes from their clothes. It is best not to keep the restaurant clothes up there with the holding tank either.

There are at least two other families of animals around here that can unintentionally wreak havoc on a boat. One, the whole family of mud dauber wasps, is death to Volvo MD series engines. Those engines have air intake silencers that are shaped sort of like a banjo with the neck down. One-cylinder engines have one silencer and two-cylinder engines have two and so on. Mud daubers love to build their gritty little nests up inside these things. You guessed it. The mud available to the wasps down around the coast doesn't hold together very well, and as soon

as the old Volvo busts off and goes to hammering, it knocks the nest loose and sucks the sand into the cylinder.

The first indication is usually, in hand cranked two or three-cylinder engines anyway, that the engine won't start if only the compression release of the front cylinder is tripped after spinning the flywheel. To start the engine you have to reach back and trip one of the rear cylinders. Eventually the engine won't be able to run fast enough on the starting cylinder to even get enough compression to fire the front cylinder at all and the engine will have to be rebuilt. When you get inside there will be sand all over the top of the front piston and all banked up on top of the first compression ring, too. The other cylinders are apt to be fine because the wasp just made her nest in the first hole she came to after she crawled into the engine room, but you better check the crankcase.

Despite that peculiarity, those old heavy duty Volvos are very long lasting, reliable engines if you keep cooling water to them and clean oil circulating. When they are in good shape they are easy to hand-start even in freezing weather. All you have to do is warm those intake silencers a little with the Bernzomatic. I always stick a paper towel in the hole to keep the bugs out and it is best if I don't forget and set it afire with the torch. It is also good if I don't forget and start the engine without taking those paper towels out first. What happens is that the engine starts just fine but then goes to skipping while the intake valve chews that paper towel up small enough to swallow and digest.

Mud daubers build their little hollow nests as a safe place for their babies to grow up, which they do, all the way from the egg to breeding age adults without benefit of any more parental help after the nest is closed. The food for these babies is a bunch of anaesthetized spiders which stay sort of stupidly alive in the nest while they wait to be eaten by the mud dauber grubs. The nests are always made in places sheltered from the rain so that they won't dissolve. A mud dauber nest is the best bluegill chum in the world. We used to poke them off from under the docks with the butt of our fishing poles. You could see the ripples of the bream coming across the lake from a quarter of a mile away after they heard the "ploop" of that nest when it hit the water.

The mud dauber family includes several other little beasts that love to wreak havoc with marine machinery. The intake silencer wasps like to build their nests just stuck to most any sheltered surface. They'll go into a hole to build their nest but they don't usually stop it completely up. Though the old inboard might have half a pound of mud dauber nests in the exhaust, it will still crank. Of course, it'll spit sand and sleepy spiders all across the water when it does, but the exhaust will be able to come out.

There are others that like to stop up holes completely air tight. To me they are the most insidious. They come in at least three sizes: ¼ths, ¾ths, and ¼ths. The ¼ths ones just love to disable things like air hose coupling fittings. Their nest is so tight in the coupling that it will hold 150psi of air. That size will also infest old-style twist-lock grease fittings like on bulldozers, big winches, and barge pumps. Though the nest won't withstand the thousand or so psi of a grease gun, it is not a good idea to inject that sand into the bearing. Where they are common, no deep

hole up to about ¹/₄" diameter is safe, and what they won't stop up, the other size wasps will.

Holes like fuel tank vents, autopilot plugs, outboard motor coolant indicator pee-holes and fuel hose fittings, crankcase vents, and oarlock sockets are all fair game to the little boogers. I believe that more boats are sunk by the %ths size of those wasps than by any other insect around here. They love an electric bilge pump hole. When you drive by a marina around here after a frog strangler of a thunderstorm and see all those half-sunk boats floating in that oil slick, you can bet that half of them have a burned up bilge pump and a bee nest in the hole. I bet if you went to sleep in the cockpit long enough...

There is a species of bee that used to try to irritate me when I was building big boats outside. They are called carpenter bees and look just like a big black bumblebee. They drill an 1/46th hole in almost any kind of wood. They particularly like a precious piece of almost horizontal wood like a boom timber, a bowsprit, or the planking up under the transom or the bottom of the keel when the boat is on the stocks. Not only do they drill a hole straight in, but as soon as they are inside, they turn 90° and hollow out a long passageway down the grain of the board. It only takes them a little while to do great damage.

Once one drilled a hole in the planking of a strip planked cypress boat I was building. I was beside myself about it. Finally, after I had calmed down enough to fix the damage, I got beside that bee. I drew a picture of a hole right on the new plank exactly where the old one had been. The bee had been hanging around all that time waiting to go home. After he (actually she) had bounced off the solid wood three or four times I finally managed to take her measure with my yardstick.

Not only are they destructive, those big bees are arrogant and will hover right in front of your nose and look you straight in they eye as if demanding to know who the hell you are and why you are hanging around outside their house. This is pretty intimidating since, after all, this is a bee looking at his reflection in your eyeball. They are so nimble that it is very hard to swat them while they are remonstrating with you like that. The worst damage is when they bore a hole in a piece of wood that is so thin (less than 11/16ths) that the initial hole goes all the way through before they can make the 90° turn to begin the long tunnel.

As soon as they see daylight they say, "Oh well, if at first you don't succeed," and start another hole. I have a friend who shot four ricochet holes in his picture window and one in the windshield of his car trying to hit one of those bees with a BB gun. That damage was nothing compared to the Swiss cheese job the bee did on the juniper bottom of the sharpie he was trying to build. If I hadn't taught him the old badminton racket trick, no telling what he would have shot next.

My natural curiosity is an asset in this business. I love to see what there is to see, and I particularly like it when somebody pays me to do it. I have learned a lot in all these years and know just where to go looking. Unfortunately, even now that I don't have time to do that anymore for profit, there are people who can't help asking me to come take a look, for free, at some bargain that they have found. Old times are a powerful influence on me.



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My Life with Canoes

By Hans Scheuter

Canoes have been so widely used for such a long time, they must be terrific boats. Even the annual catalogs of boats contains a ton of different canoes and they do have a very distinguished history, at least in this country. I declare that their beauty and utility are beyond question. But as a kayaker from way back when, I never quite understood this single paddle thing as it tends to make the boat go in a circle. Of course, there is the J-stroke and other trickery, but they all seem to consume valuable energy not devoted to moving forward.

However, for one reason or another, I have owned four canoes over time. There was a yellow Quappaw canoe, taken in trade for a sailboat, whose greatest asset was to be seen easily on top of the van in even the most crowded parking lots. And after all, who bothers to remember where the car is parked?

Then there was the estate sale, where a 15' Coleman canoe could be had for \$100, including a couple of nice paddles and a 1.2hp Gamefisher motor. But no title and in Oklahoma that caused a major uproar at the vehicle registration office. The poor lady who sold off her father's estate a year after he had passed away could not find the title. Oklahoma bureaucrats demanded that since the boat number was in their computer she would have to go to court and be certified as the true heir. Then she would have to apply for a "lost title replacement," use that to get a current title, and sign that over to me, the new owner. Say what?? The seller said, "No way! Not my problem."

That Coleman canoe eventually wound up at my son's house in Florida along with a 16' home built wood and canvas kayak so my wife and I would always have boats available if we happen to fly there. However, last I heard the Coleman and one of the paddles ended up with a new, happy owner for 60 bucks via a church bazaar sale. Florida does not require numbers on human powered boats less than 16' long. You hear that Oklahoma and Arkansas??

Then there was the home built one. Using the tried and true method I had developed for building canvas on sticks kayaks, I proceeded to design a 15' canoe with

Under sail.



doorskin decks fore and aft and along the sides, kind of a Rushton type. Not a bad looking boat, it was, but instead of expensive Mahogany stringers I used PVC pipe. They made the boat look like crap on the inside but it actually got into the water a few times and, of course, the grandsons loved it just fine.

However, after it hung from the rafters in the barn for a couple of winters some critter got into the bow area and ate a big hole in the canvas hull. Not having much love for that boat in the first place, I sliced the canvas off, removed the plastic pipe and valuable screws, and the rest went onto the fire pit for cremation.

Of course, in Oklahoma we had the Illinois River and here in Arkansas we have the Buffalo National River, both awesomely beautiful and served by outfitters renting canoes almost exclusively. We do enjoy renting canoes and running these rivers but I always bring along my inexpensive aluminum and plastic kayak paddle, a very serviceable WalMart special. Most of the time, these rivers are low enough to expose lots of rocks in the riffles, no place for our canvas covered kayaks.

This brings us up to the 17' Quappaw fiberglass canoe that I found via a newspaper ad. My wife was not enthused! It seemed huge, kind of, and rather ugly. As I still had that 1.2hp Gamefisher, I decided to whack a foot off the back and install a square stern, rudder pintles and all. Then I bought a 12' closet rod for a mast and wrapped the bottom 3' with fiberglass cloth for reinforcement, installed a mast socket on the boat floor and a wide enough thwart to hold that unstayed mast. Kerr Sails in Tulsa made a nifty sail for a gaff rig and I added a boom and gaff, again of PVC pipe, just to see how it would work. I could always get sophisticated later.

I made a couple of foil-shaped lee-boards 3' long, 8" wide from a 1"x8" piece of tulip poplar and attached them to 4"x4" pads glued to the side of the canoe. The rudder is also made from the same poplar board and contains a 2" diameter hockey puck cast out of discarded lead weights to accommodate retraction. I tried various tiller arrangements, some more sophisticated than others, and will have to revert to a fore-and-aft stick to keep the boat balanced with me on the rowing seat instead of the stern seat.

Since I am short of like-minded friends or relatives, I do most of my boating solo. That can be worrisome when sailing a canoe. So I am hoping that should a strong puff of wind try to knock the boat over, I can lean to windward far enough so that the mast will break before there is a capsize. For the price of a closet rod, what the heck! And I never cleat the main sheet. So far I have sailed on occasion with the leeboards vibrating vigorously, indicating that we're going lickety split on a broad reach.

During a visit to Tulsa I saw and purchased a pair of 7' oars and oarlocks. To get the proper oarlock spacing, my son welded them onto barn door hinges so they can be flipped in and out. This great idea came from *MAIB*, of course. The canoe has definitely found higher speed potential under oars and will get speedier as I learn to row better.

Besides installing a fore-and-aft tiller extension, the motor mount will be re-located to the gunwale on a bracket, both to keep the captain on the rowing seat and the boat floating on its lines.

The fun just never ends!

Just back from my paddle on the mill pond. Couldn't detect changes in water level at the "dock" over time, but it did seem to take longer coming back than going out. Was the tidal current against me? That gets me to tidal currents. Before we dig into that, let's stay with tides a bit longer.

While I certainly couldn't detect a tide in the mill pond, there must be some negligibly small difference in tractive force due to sun and moon from one end of the pond to the other. When an intensive investigation into the water circulation of the Great Lakes was undertaken in the early '60s, it should not have come as a surprise that a tide was detected. But it did surprise us, especially me, the most junior oceanographer on the staff. The tide for Lake Erie, if I recall correctly, was about 1-½" (for example, see http://www. greatlakes.net/teach/chat/answers/100100_tides.html).

We had asked earlier why tides differ so much in range (lowest to highest) in so many places. I think if we picture the tide as a progressive wave we can relate some of the properties we may have observed in wave systems to the tidal wave. Since waves travel in proportion to the square root of the water depth, the wave slows down as it enters progressively shallower water. This can lead to the water piling up higher as the back end of the high part catches up to its own front end. We saw this so disastrously in the case of the Indian Ocean tsunami of December 2004.

On the other hand, if a wave enters a narrow harbor opening and spreads out in the inner basin, it diminishes in height quite rapidly. You can picture how the shape of a basin as well as the bottom topography can affect that wave, it might lead to greater heights in some places, lesser ones elsewhere. For example, the mean tide range at the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay (Cape Charles Harbor) is 1.3'. The tide range increases to as much as 3' in Salisbury, Maryland, in the Wicomico River, but generally diminishes as one proceeds northward up the Bay, then increases again in the northernmost reaches.

On the adjacent Potomac River the tides are around 1' at the river mouth but increase to 3' 60 miles up the river in Alexandria, Virginia. Not very spectacular, but here's one for you, The highest tide at Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, the entrance to the Bay of Fundy, is about 13' as I write this. At the Minas Basin,

Tidal Tidbits

(Part III)

By Hermann Gucinski

about 140 miles up the bay, the high is 49.8'! The highest spring tide range there is 52'! That water has to go somewhere when it recedes and we can expect some pretty dramatic tidal currents as a result.

So tidal currents take me beyond the original question posed by Peter Jepson, but they have got to be more important to the messer who sails in tidal waters than to the big engine power boaters. Most of the time we probably move at speeds not much more than some of the tidal currents we encounter.

In L. Francis Herreshoff's *The Compleat Cruiser*, Mr. Weldon, the owner of the *Rozinante*, says, "...I look on sailing as a sort of game where I pit my wit against the elements. I try to outwit the wind and the tide by forecasting their actions and placing the *Rozinante* in a position where wind and tide will favor her."

After publication of my "Tides, Part II" I had the pleasure of a phone call from Mr. Ridge White, the publisher of the Eldridge Tide and Pilot Book. I have to admit I had not looked at one of these essential books in quite some time, being so far from East Coast waters. I was delighted to see this example in Eldridge, "The ebb tide drains Long Island Sound by flowing east toward, and almost to, Newport, Rhode Island. The same tide drains Buzzards Bay and a bit of Nantucket Sound by flowing west toward Newport. So if you time your coastwise trip to let the ebb carry you as far as Newport, you can then use the flood to push you favorably in either direction, toward Buzzard Bay or into Long Island Sound.

The Chesapeake Bay gives a excellent example of the progressive tidal wave. If you catch the flood tide at the mouth of the Bay and can maintain enough speed, I believe 15 knots is about right, you can carry the flood, with its favorable currents, all the way to Baltimore. Big freighters take full advantage of this as the speed is about right for them. If your driving one of those cigarette boats the whole thing won't mean much to you, and if you're sailing along at three knots in a light breeze, the benefit will be far less than the

freighters can enjoy.

So if we visualize the tidal wave it would appear that the currents would be greatest about halfway between high and low water and least right at high or low tide, that's when the change in direction of flow takes place. This is commonly the case but let's look at one reason for an exception. If the tidal wave approaches a relatively large bay that has a narrow inlet, the restriction prevents the tidal wave from passing into the bay. It is then possible for the tide level to start falling at the bay entrance while water continues to flow into the bay, it hasn't had time to fill up. The reverse happens on the ebb tide and hence slack water and high/low water do not coincide.

This gets even more interesting when the tidal wave tries to advance into a river having significant flow as well as the right bottom topography and bank geometry, such as a funnel shape. The outflowing water "stems" the tide for a while allowing water levels to build up with no advance of the tidal wave until the difference becomes too great and the tide advances with a large, surging wave front. This is called a tidal bore (not to be confused with a writer that goes on and on about tides, as I am threatening to become).

When I got to watch the tidal bore on the Petitcodiac River in New Brunswick it was only about 12" high (near neap tide) but you could hear it coming for some time. What amazed me the most was the near instantaneous change in current direction with the passing of the bore. At about two knots such a change in momentum implies a tremendous force, as the river was fairly deep and quite wide. I was awed.

Tidal bores can be seen on this river, in Cook Inlet, Alaska, on the Amazon River, the Severn in England, and other places. The Seine in France used to have one, the mascaret, until channel dredging changed the geometry. The biggest in the world, I believe, occurs on the Qiantang River in China (used to be called the Zhejiang River) which reaches up to 30' height and travels upriver at speeds up to 25mph. Makes you sit up and take notice.

What about non-tidal effects that may tie in here, you ask? Seiches, storm surges, riptides, tsunamis, barometric pressure effects, and others? These might be fun to explore another time.



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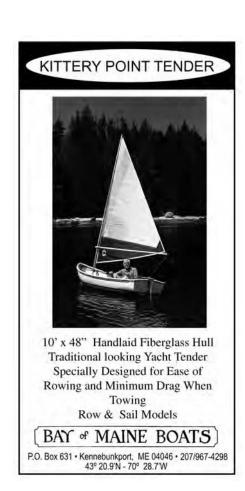
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Sprit Booms and Their Kin

By Stu Hopkins, Dabbler Sails

My home waters, the Chesapeake Bay, were once populated by all sorts of working small craft sporting sprit-boomed sails; flattie and deadrise skiffs, sharpies, log canoes. Not a sprit sail, whose peak is held up by a sprit, but a sprit-boomed sail, where the clew is extended by a sprit seated somewhere up the mast from the tack.

Howard Chapelle's American Small Sailing Craft has lots of examples. Contemporary designers like Phil Bolger, Ruell Parker, and Karl Stambaugh have drawn many little boats with sprit-booms.

The simple elegance of sprit-boomed geometry is very impressive. A sail with a sprit boom retains its airfoil shape no matter whether beating, reaching, or running, with-out recourse to gadgets for "tweaking." The clew can't lift and spill wind, thanks to that triangle of cloth under it acting as a vang. Persuading the sail to vang itself is pretty neat. I wonder who did that first? You can let the sheet fly and the sail will weathercock harmlessly while you discuss possibilities. With the "boom" higher there's less hazard to the crew during tacks and jibes. Finally, consider that because the sprit boom doesn't have to resist bending, unlike an ordinary boom, it only functions in compression, it can be considerably lighter. All adds up to elegant geometry.

There is one big disadvantage, though. The sail is badly deformed when the sprit boom is to leeward with the sail blown against it which, of course, it will be at least half the time. On two-masted boats it was traditional to ship one sprit to port and one to starboard to equalize the disadvantage.

Keen sailors (and this sailmaker) hanker for the same good sail shape on both tacks. Enter the wishbone boom (wishboom?). Two curved sprits joined to create a space between where the sail can always assume its natural shape. As often happens in life, the cure of one fault introduces others. Not only is the wishboom twice as heavy and bulky as a straight sprit, but it cannot be seated on the mast, it has to encircle the mast and be somehow suspended there. In larger craft the wishboom can be cumbersome, even daunting or dangerous. I have lived with that.

The most evolved and elegant morph of all, my favorite kind of boom, which has all the merits and none of the faults noted above, is the half wishboom. It can be almost as light as a straight sprit and has less windage than a full wishbone. It has to be carefully made to minimize bend, good place for some carbon fiber, since any bend in a wishboom means a fuller sail in stronger winds, the reverse of what is wanted. Unfortunately, the half wishboom introduces its own fault. Not being balanced by its mirror image on the other side of the sail, it wants to fall down on the job. Fortunately, there are cures for that. Then you have the perfect sprit boom.

The photos show the evolution:



Here's an elegant half-wishbone on a cruising canoe. High-tech carbon fiber and epoxy. Solves many problems for this small boat; perfect control of the sail shape, very light load on the sheet (a feature of all spritboomed sails), sail can be let weathercock to spill wind and save spilling the canoe, and the curved sprit gives cockpit room for paddling when the sail is doused. The full battens would have been impossible with a straight sprit boom.



My first sprit-boomed sail, a half-wishbone mule. The spar was laminated up from a 2"x4" sliced into fillets with a Skilsaw, then glued intoMy first sprit-boomed sail, a halfwishbone mule. The spar was laminated up from a 2"x4" sliced into fillets with a Skilsaw, then glued into a curve defined by nails driven into a dock. A curve with maximum depth (chord) equal to 10% of the length, positioned at 45% aft, will accommodate most sails. A vertical notch m the forward end engages the backstay to keep it from falling over. Sheeted to the mizzen masthead, it was a wonderful light-air sail, equally useful beating, reaching, or running. Under conditions we could sail downwind wing and wing and wing. What joy.



Sprit booms fore n' aft. I call this the unicorn skiff. Apprentices at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum built her to an old Chapelle drawing and made the sails, too. That little self-tending, self-vanging "jib" beats a real one with two sheets to tend. Working watermen in little skiffs didn't have too many hands to spare.



After we sailed that lovely Seawind 30 ketch south to the Caribbean, we traded her for this Freedom 40, spacious enough to have a studio/workshop and shower in the big aft cabin. Even though the wishbones were spruce, they were pretty heavy and once or twice that rig made us wish we were back aboard the little Seawind. But a handy rig in some ways. When our transmission failed off the Turks and Caicos Islands we used the reefed fore to run in a coral-head-flanked dogleg channel to a safe harbor, letting the sail weathercock to slow her down when we were unsure of the pilotage. Nice feature of a wishboomed sail on an unstayed mast if you have plenty of sheet.



The cat yawl Muskrat's half-wishboom lugs'l viewed from the cabin, running off under autopilot. I will have to take a closeup of the gooseneck to illustrate the details but this photo shows the results. The bottom panel of the sail has been turned so the threadlines are exactly parallel to the foot, minimizing stretch, to enable the foot to act like a vang without distorting.



A circa 1800 Chesapeake Bay design skiff, just launched and tugging at her mooring lines. Watermen who used boats like this could let sheets fly and the skiff would pause, sprit-boomed mains'l doggo to leeward, likewise the (balanced) clubbed jib, while they fetched up a crab pot float or tested an oyster bottom with the tongs. Sprit slung in the traditional snotter, of which the fall comes to hand aft for shaping the sail.



The joint between the half-wishbone spar and mizzen mast on Dabbler Sails' "company boat" Muskrat is a sort of offset, sliding, universal joint gooseneck. It solves the gravity problem; how to keep the half-wishbone from flopping over. Could be adapted to any round section mast where sail is laced or on hoops. Obviously not suitable for use with sail track. Can be made of the cheapest materials; a PVC coupling or short length of PVC pipe (whichever would have the right inside diameter) some metal flat stock, and a few fasteners. This one is lined with some slippery polyethylene cut from a garden sprayer tank. Pivot bolts are flat heads countersunk inside the collar. Sail is flattened with a clew outhaul led forward through fairleads on the outside face of the spar. A reef pendant can be brought forward the same way.

Fine adjustments in sail shape are possible by sliding the gooseneck collar up (fuller sail with more vanging effect off the wind) or down (flatter sail with less vanging effect when close hauled). It is kept in position by a lanyard up to the nearest lacing grommet, which lifts the gooseneck to its working position as the sail is raised.

Mystic Seaport's Ships Plan Library would like to spread the word to MAIB's readers about a useful new resource on the web site of the Daniel S. Gregory Ships Plans Library at Mystic Seaport. Thanks to a grant from the National Historical Publications and Records Commission, we were able to create web-based finding aids for 21 collections, making specific design information much more accessible to the public. These new finding aids describe some of our most frequently used collections, including L. Francis Herreshoff, Philip L. Rhodes, Cox & Stevens, and Starling Burgess.

A description of the project and links to the new finding aids are online at www.mysticseaport.org/library/initiative/nhprc.cfm.

Readers can find information on other cataloged collections through our main web page at www. mysticseaport.org/shipsplans.

Prices and ordering information are available on the web site, as are contact information and hours of operation.

About the Ships Plans Library

The Daniel S. Gregory Ships Plans Library at Mystic Seaport Museum collects, preserves, and makes accessible the documentary history of American naval architecture from the 19th and 20th centuries. This archive includes over 100,000 plans for a wide variety of watercraft as well as for related maritime industries and activities.

About the Collection

The collection includes the work of many prominent naval architects and ship builders who have donated their plans to Mystic Seaport for preservation.

Researchers are able to access these drawings for a variety of purposes, including boat building, vessel restoration, model making, genealogy, and general interest.

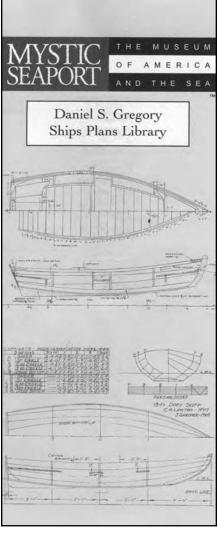
The collection contains primarily original drawings that were created for construction purposes. Typically a set of plans for a vessel will include the lines, table of offsets, outboard profile, rigging plan, arrangement plan, construction plan, engine plan, and various types of other details.

Using the Collection

There are a number of information sources available within the Ships Plans Library. The primary point of access to specific plans information is through the card catalog, which is cross referenced by vessel name, vessel type, designer, and builder. Ships Plans staff can also search for plan records in the Museum's shared collection management system. In addition, the Ships Plans Library keeps historical files on many vessels in the collection and maintains biographical files on hundreds of designers and builders. When appropriate, staff members will refer researchers to specific collections at other maritime institutions.

These copies are sold as historical documents and Mystic Seaport makes no warranty as to the accuracy of the plans or their usefulness for a specific purpose. They are not certified by Mystic Seaport for construction.

All requests for reproduction, distribution, publication, and product development of these plans must be submitted in writing to the Rights and Reproductions Coordinator at Mystic Seaport. The Coordinator will determine the appropriate use fees and licensing agreements on an individual basis.



Mystic Seaport's Daniel S. Gregory Ships Plans Library

By Maria Bernier, Ships Plan Librarian

Fees

Researchers can purchase blueline copies of most of the plans for a nominal fee. Before ordering plans, please check with the Ships Plans staff for the most recent prices and shipping information.

Many telephone or written inquiries are answered at no charge, but please be aware that research fees of \$30 per hour may apply to some inquiries. Students in boat building and naval architecture programs receive a 10% discount on purchases from the Ships Plans Library.

Research

Research inquiries may be made by telephone to (860) 572-5360, by mail, by email to shipsplans@mysticseaport.org, or by personal visit. Please call or email prior to visiting in person. Although appointments are not required, they are strongly suggested.

Location

The Ships Plans Library is located in the Collections Research Center at Mystic Seaport, across the street from the Seamen's Inne. Please visit our website or call for exact directions.

Hours

Weekdays 9am to 5pm.
One weekend day each month 9am to 1pm.

Closed Federal holidays.

Contact Information

Daniel S. Gregory Ships Plans Library, Mystic Seaport, 75 Greenmanville Ave. Mystic, CT 06355-0990. Tel: (860) 572-5360. Fax: (860) 572-5371. Email: shipsplans@mysticseaport.org. www.mysticseaport.org/shipsplans.

Print Resources About the Collection

A Guide to Plans for Watercraft in the Collection of Mystic Seaport, a concise list of many designs for small rowing and sailing craft that are suitable for the home builder. This list is posted on the Ships Plans website, and free print copies are available on request.

87 Boat Designs, by Ben Fuller, describes many of the designs featured on the Watercraft Plans list. Former Mystic Seaport Curator Ben Fuller selected and annotated 87 boat plans with the amateur builder in mind. He offers a brief background on each boat, notes their strengths and weaknesses, and offers construction tips or suggestions for using the plans to help the reader select the right boat. \$19.95 from the Mystic Seaport Bookstore, (800) 331-2665.

Boat Plans at Mystic Seaport, by Anne and Maynard Bray, describes and illustrates the plans collections of Starling Burgess, L. Francis Herreshoff, Winthrop Warner, Frederick Geiger, Louis Kromholz, and Albert Condon, as well as many of Mystic Seaport's own watercraft. The book features 128 designs in all, each accompanied by Maynard Bray's commentary on the design, the work of the designer, and the context of the boat. \$24.95 from the Mystic Seaport Bookstore, (800) 331-2665.

List Of Collections:

James H. Allyn Lester J. Arnold, Sr. Bailey &, Staub Morgan Barney John S. Barry Ralph E. Barry Benjamin Adelbert Barstow David D. Beach Reynolds Beal Capt. Robert P. Beebe Robert S. Blumenstock Kathy L. Bray Brewington Research Material Britt Brothers Augustus Sprague Burgess Burgess Donaldson Burgess Wolff E. Farnham Butler Giovanni Cardelli Britton Chance Concordia Company, Inc. Albert E. Condon Consolidated Lane Consolidated Mason Cox & Stevens, Inc. Edwin S. Cramp William F. Crosby Crosby Yacht Building & Storage Co. Pete Culler Carl C. Cutler

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Howard M. Smith, Jr. Townsend J. Smith Major William Smyth Sparkman & Stephens, Inc. W. P. Stephens Portia A. Takakjian Bror Tamm Willis H. Todd Unidentified Sail Plan Book of the 1870s UN Plans of Inland Waterways Vessels Alan H. Vaitses A. H. Waite Sail Plan Book George C. Thomas Walsh Ward Line Winthrop L. Warner J. Murray Watts William H. Webb John H. Wells Mr. & Mrs. Roger Wilkinson Daniel Williamson Sail Plan Book Ralph A. Winslow Miscellaneous Collections Commercial Power Commercial Sail Fishermen Marine Engines & Machinery Model Yachts Naval or Government Small Craft Naval Power Naval Sail Watercraft & Special Types Yachts

Not Represented

Recently acquired collections and some older uncataloged collections are not represented on this list. Please contact us for information on specific designers or builders.

Inevitably there comes a time in traditional wooden boat building when the need arises for a measuring device. The traditional

Fig. 1



A Traditional Measuring Device for Wooden Boat Building

Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club

By Carol A. Jones

Charles L. Seabury

Shipyard Collection

philosophy of simplicity encouraged me to build my own measuring device although more "modern" devices are available fashioned of "frozen snot," as Herreshoff so entertainingly put it, at glitzy hardware emporia.

I opted for a device a foot long, as this is the most traditional size used in the building of such traditional craft as Slocum's Spray and Herreshoff's 12½. It is made from only a small bit of lumber, the only tools necessary are a traditional wooden writing device, a traditional Japanese backward-cutting handsaw, several pieces of 80, 120, 150 and 300-grit sandpaper, a quart of traditional Epifanes varnish, and a traditional reindeer hair varnish brush.

First look around the shop and find a scrap of traditional hardwood:

Type of Wood	Suitablity
Purpleheart	fine
lignum vitae	fine
tola from Angola	fine
pressure-treated hemfir	not
	recommended

The scrap should be as long as your foot. Sand the scrap for several hours until it is perfect. Next, using the first joint of your

thumb as a measure (Fig. 1)), mark off 12 little lines on the wood using a traditional wooden writing device. Number each little line from 1 to 12. Between each two numbers mark 7 or 15 even smaller little lines, depending on how traditional you want your device to be. Now cut the scrap of wood square, just after the 12, with your traditional Japanese backward-cutting handsaw. Sand this cut for a long time. I find that for traditional indoor use six or seven coats of varnish will suffice

I am very happy with my traditional measuring device (Fig. 2) especially because it cost nothing to make from a scrap I had lying around. The pure simplicity of it appeals to me.

That said, for prying wasp nests out of ventilators, a modern petroleum-based device may be better. But for building a traditional wooden boat the traditional wooden measuring device is the answer.

(Carol A. Jones is an expert on everything, not only the nautical. Her next article, "Lead Casting for the Inside of a Traditional Wooden Writing Device" will appear in our next issue.)

Fig. 2







Traditional sea kayaks are elegant and sleek but their cockpits exclude a lot of people who paddle where it's hot and almost anybody who has stiff knees or who doesn't want to be confined in an enclosed cockpit.

Thus the ubiquitous colorful plastic recreational kayaks, which you sit on top of, rather than inside of. The plastic sit-on-top designs are an accepted part of the scenery, functional but about as aesthetically pleasing as a dog toy. If you wanted something light and beautiful that you could build yourself, you were out of luck...until now.

The Sea Island Sport is CLC's response to hundreds of requests for an attractive stitch-and-glue sit-on-top. Credit for the design goes to Nick Schade, whose brother Eric designed CLC's Shearwater line of kayaks. "Nick's a sculptor," says CLC president John C. Harris. "'Not many people can combine the art and science of boat design as seamlessly as the Schade brothers. Like Eric, Nick is dedicated to performance but he's also an artist of the first order."

The Sea Island Sport is 15'6" long and features a pleasing shape, attractive from every angle, with a unique contrasting deck made out of Sapele plywood. The reddish Sapele contrasts with the more honey-colored BS1088 Okoume in the hull. Sharpeyed observers will note the similarity to

CLC Launches Sea Island Sport A Sitontop with Style

Reprinted from *Notes From Our Shop* The Chesapeake Light Craft Newsletter

CLC's popular Eric Schade-designed Shearwater line, which has a similar cambered Sapele deck and tumbled-home sides.

The Sea Island's roomy cockpit will fit almost anyone under 275lbs. Any water that comes in will drain right back out through the bottom of the boat. Nothing confines the paddler. You don't need to worry about your shoe size and the "height at knees" measurement is infinite. The boat is easy to get into, and for fishermen stability is sufficient to drop the paddle and reel in a big striper. In the hot months you sit in the open air so your legs won't broil. In cooler weather the Sea Island's dry ride will extend your season.

The Sea Island is essentially identical in construction to many other CLC boats. Convenient features include "puzzle joints" for rapid assembly of computer-cut hull panels, and computer-drilled holes for most of the copper stitches used in assembly. Parts are located in the hull with pre-drilled holes,

so in theory you could build the entire boat without picking up a tape measure. Total construction time is about 80 hours, much like our other kayak kits.

The Sea Island Sport kit is complete, without expensive and pesky add-ons. Large hatches for bow and stern are standard in the kit and will absorb fishing gear and lunch for a day's outing or camping gear for a week. Adjustable footbraces are standard, as is a comfortable seat and a fully adjustable back hand for high lumbar support

band for high lumbar support.

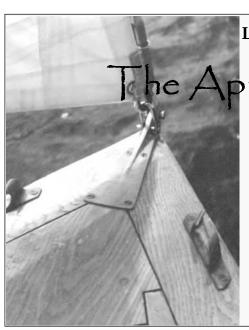
Harris says that builders wrote in requesting a sit-on-top with above average speed. "Combining high performance with a self-draining cockpit was the hardest thing we've ever designed," Harris remarks. "Nick Schade outdid himself in drawing an attractive sponson hull. You've got your stable fishing platform but we think it's faster than most sit-on-tops out there." The Sea Island Sport is 27" wide.

Thanks to the sponson keel, tracking is

Thanks to the sponson keel, tracking is very strong and many paddlers will use the Sea Island Sport in the surf. The stability and self-draining cockpit makes beach launches and landings safer and easier than in a traditional kayak.

The complete Sea Island Sport kit costs \$999. Plans for scratch builders are on the 2007 project list.

CLC, 1805 George Ave., Annapolis, MD 21401, (410) 267-0137, info@clcboats.com, www.clcboats.com



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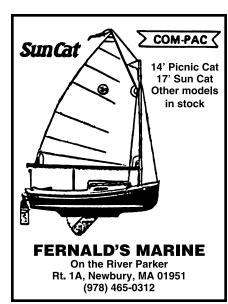
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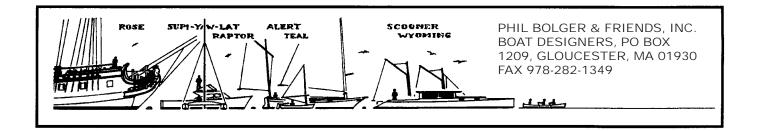
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Bolger on Design

Amherst Galley Update

Design #643

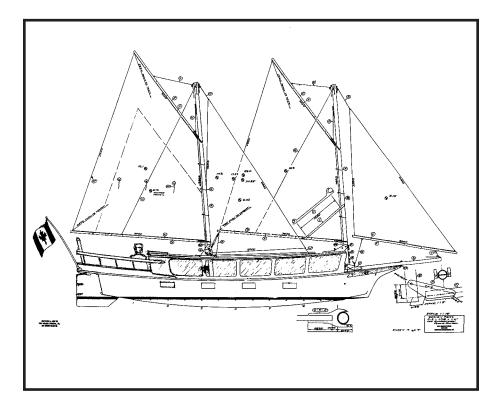
Long-time readers of *MAIB* may remember our Design #643 "Amherst Galley" (see May 1, 1997 issue, Vol. 14 No. 24). An inquiry recently led to the suggestion of modifying this design for that client's purposes. Indeed her attributes did fill the wish list quite well except that the unavailability of some sort of cockpit space, however modest, nixed the deal. We did the obvious thing, should have been offered years ago, and sketched a reconfigured stern house arrangement to produce a 2+ butt cockpit. Using a pink stern geometry to arrive at approximately 6' long seats, at least skinny folks could still sleep up here while four more can spread out below in full-width splendor.

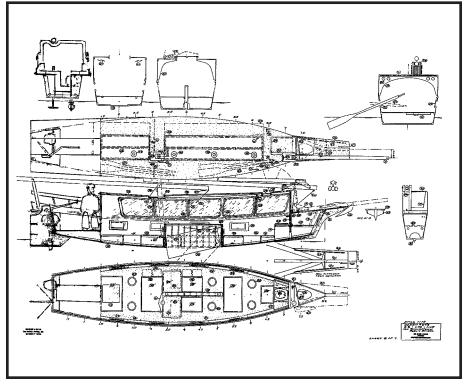
The client's scenario did, in fact, just postulate a young family in which case neither trim problems from too much crew aft or any outside/inside sleeping rights would become issues of contention. Neither hull basics or rig were altered for this option.

To face the inevitable questions about auxiliary power beyond oars, we see a sensible way to get a modest outboard and a rudder-cum-tiller hung on her transom. For those familiar with the asymmetries of, for instance #639 "Jochems," the similarities are familiar, again hanging the rudder some to starboard while catering to the access issues of the outboard to portside. Anybody fretting over such unorthodoxies should rest assured that, apart from the potential joys of bellyaching, no serious harm typically comes from contemplating, designing, building, and sailing such boats, #639 and others before appear not to be burdened with particular vices or shortcomings related to hanging rudders off center.

Client is still contemplating this option. If any interest exists in this modification, we'll get to it after at least three major commissions are out the door.

Plans for the unmodified version of #643 on seven sheets are US\$300 to build one boat, from Phil Bolger & Friends, P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930-1627.





One of the perils of teaching boat building classes and working in a shop where many of the individuals are first time boat builders is that you are asked so many questions you'd prefer not to answer because you are aware that your answer may be not be totally correct or at least may be incomplete.

One of these questions I am asked repeatedly is when you should or shouldn't fill epoxy (i.e., mix one of various solid or flour-like substances with the resin and hardener). A related question is which of the various available fillers to use in a given instance.

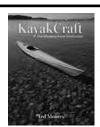
First of all, let's establish a frame of reference. The three epoxies I am most familiar with and will discuss in this article are the general purpose versions of West System, System Three, and MAS. The use of all three of these products involves mixing carefully measured proportions of resin and a hardener. If done correctly, and if left in a cup, the two ingredients harden or cure into translucent amber solid which is quite hard and brittle. We have quite a few of these inadvertent "hockey pucks" around our shop since this is what results when you mix more epoxy than you can use before it starts to set up.

"Clear Epoxy," which is what the resin and hardener mix alone is often called, is mostly used for sealing or coating wood and saturating fiberglass fabrics and does these jobs very well. When using epoxy for these purposes, no filler is needed or should be added, at least to the initial coats.

Clear epoxy has only slight gap filling abilities, however, so it is generally not suited for gluing things together unless the surfaces to be joined fit really well (i.e., so no gap exists to be filled). It's not that epoxy without filler isn't a good glue. In fact, it is considered good practice to coat both surfaces of a glue joint with clear epoxy prior to applying filled epoxy because the clear epoxy penetrates wood grain better and will give you a better joint.

Thus, while clear epoxy alone works perfectly well as a glue without filler in a really tight joint, most glue joints (mine, anyway) aren't that tight and there is no sense taking the chance that you will get a weak joint when the use of a little filler will clear up any doubt. It is thus standard practice to use a filler of some sort in all glue joints.

Note, as stated previously, that the epoxies we are discussing here are the general purpose type suitable for either sealing and saturating wood or fiberglass or for gluing and making fillets. There are epoxies specially formulated for gluing alone (like System Three's T-88) that are much "thicker" or more



KayakCraft by Ted Moores

Learn from a master! Ted Moores has been building and teaching in the art of stripconstruction for years. The book includes four Steve Killing designed kayaks. It's

packed with Ted's tips and techniques, so results will be great. 185 pgs., softcover \$19.95 + \$4.50 postage The WoodenBoat Store P.O. Box 78 Brooklin, ME 04616 www.woodenboatstore.com



To Fill or Not to Fill That is Always the Question

By Dave Jackson

viscous than the ones we are discussing, and so do not require fillers in most cases.

Although it seems a little off topic, this is a good spot to touch on clamping joints glued with epoxy. Clamping is one of those instances where some is absolutely essential but more is definitely not better. In brief, clamping is essential to make certain the parts you are gluing together stay in the proper position with respect to one another and to make certain that they are firmly in contact, but once that has been accomplished it is time to stop. Applying any greater pressure may actually drive the glue out of the joint and cause the joint to fail.

At our shop most of our clamps have inline wooden handles. As a result the average builder doesn't have enough hand strength or leverage to over-clamp, but it is something to be aware of when using other types of clamps such as those with T-handles which definitely do afford you the ability to "starve" a joint.

Turning (finally) to fillers, the bottom line is that use of the appropriate filler is essential when using the general purpose epoxies we are discussing here for almost anything but coating wood or applying fiberglass cloth. Thus, addition of the appropriate filler will permit use of the same basic epoxy as a gap-filling adhesive or putty for fairing and filling holes.

The next question then is which type of filler you should use? There are quite a few different choices, each of which has one or more desirable characteristics that you may require in a given situation.

The System Three manual entitled *The* Epoxy Book (p. 14), states that fillers may be divided into four general categories: thixotropic agents, bulking agents, fibrous fillers, and pigments.

The first category (thixotropic agents) consists of substances such as colloidal silica or wood flour that tend to stay where you put them. This means that they don't (or at least are less likely to) run out of the gap in a joint or sag when you apply them on a vertical surface or overhead.

Bulking agents are just that, wood flour, micro balloons, and a variety of other dry powders that may be added to epoxy to thicken it while fibrous fillers consist of various kinds of fibers or strands. Which particular filler to use to thicken a mix depends on what qualities are most needed; i.e., joint strength, a color match with surrounding wood, nonsagging qualities, or sandability.

It is impossible in this article to go into all the possible agents that might be used to thicken epoxy, let alone all the possible ways in which these agents might be combined and what they might be used for. However, in our shop, absent unusual circumstances, we use only three fillers. In fact, 95% of the time we and our students use wood flour, which we buy by the bale. It's thixotropic so it resists sagging and stays in gaps in joints. It also forms into nice looking fillets and is a decent color match for the okoume plywood we very often are using. Finally, it is inexpensive.

Admittedly, joints made with wood flour are probably not as strong as joints formed using other possible fillers, but in the type of boats we generally build (20' or less, glued plywood, often stitch and glue) the joints have more than adequate strength. There is, after all, no advantage to creating a glue joint substantially stronger than the surrounding material.

Where we do feel additional strength is desirable, we use one of the colloidal silicas, such as West System's #406 filler or System Three's Cab-o-sil. We may also mix them (they are white) with wood flour to lighten the color of fillets for a better match with the surrounding wood. For even greater joint strength (i.e., resistance to being torn apart) you could go to "chopped glass" or coarser milled glass fibers, but we avoid that if at all possible. This type of filler yields very coarse 'spiny" fillets that sag and need a lot of sanding, but if you really need the strength, that is the way to go.

The third type of filler we use is any of the maker's brands of phenolic microballoons or possibly West's #410 microlight. These fillers are used to fill in hollows and fair surfaces. They have little structural strength and so should not be used for joints, and are not thixotropic so they will sag if given the opportunity. Their major advantage (and it is a significant one) is that they sand very easily out to a feather edge. Because they sand so easily you are much less likely to sand away the surrounding wood in trying to fair them, leaving you with "bumposis."

Another major advantage of micro-balloons is that they are very light per unit of volume so you can use them to fill areas without gaining too much weight.

Finally, I have virtually always wanted my epoxy/filler mix to be wood color so I have no actual experience, but there are a variety of pigments and dyes specifically designed to be mixed with epoxy that enable you to color epoxy virtually any color. The MAS technical manual (p. 33) even suggests using acrylic artist's colors of the kind you buy at the art supply store!

If you have a particular requirement that is not susceptible to the broad brush approach outlined above, or if you want to know more about fillers, then I would strongly suggest that you get on the telephone with Jamestown Distributors at 1-800-423-0030 or go on line to them at www.jamestowndistributors.com and get a copy of their master catalog (full of a lot of good information and tips, not only about epoxy). Ask them to send you a copy of the West System User's Manual, System Three's Epoxy Book, or the MAS Technical Manual, depending on which brand of epoxy you intend to use.

All these publications are free but it might be nice to buy something from Jamestown to thank them for their kindness (and so they don't lose my next few orders in revenge for my loosing you all on them). Between these various sources you should be able to find something that will do your job.

As usual, I would very much like to hear from/speak with anyone who has anything to add to or subtract from the foregoing. If I have finally accomplished my proverbial swan dive into an empty swimming pool this time, please let me know so we can attempt a correction or retraction of anything that is incorrect. Whatever your reasons, I can be reached at (203) 414-0937 or by email at Dojackson@aol.com.

There are few things that aggravate people more than leaving something in the car or back at the house when going out on the water. "I thought you loaded that," is not conducive to a happy time. Thus, a lot of people use either a mental or written checklist to make sure all aspects of an operation are completed.

Aircraft pilots use a written one to go through the necessary steps to insure that the plane is ready and the crew has completed all procedures in the proper sequence (on some aircraft you do not turn on the avionics until after the engine is started, also true with some boat wiring systems).

I have a mental checklist for our Sisu 26 (there is a written one in the "ship's papers package" for others to use if necessary) that starts with the engine (open raw water through hull sea cock, open fuel cocks, turn on battery to "BOTH," etc.) There is another list for shutting things down once the boat is back at the dock. I go through the whole checklist sequence even if the boat will be used again that day. I do it both to keep the habit and to ensure that if something comes up I do not have to spend time securing the boat or leaving it unsecured because of circumstances. The few minutes spent opening and closing up the boat is not wasted time.

A couple of my boating friends go through checklists with all guests (even if they have been on the day before) as to how to start the engine, where the PFDs are located, how the radio works, etc. Their idea is that if they get hurt someone else can provide assistance and get the boat back to shore. One could even have a written, posted (in plastic bag) checklist for others to use if necessary. A verbal (and show) review of the starting sequence for your boat's engine for your guests is important since there are a lot of variations to the sequence.

For instance, many Diesel powered boats have a pre-heat function that requires the operator to hold down a button long enough for the small heating coil in each cylinder to heat to the point that the fuel/air combination will ignite to get the Diesel started. The button is held down and the pre-heat coil activated (the pre-heat button is held down while the starter button (or ignition key turned) until the engine starts). Once started, the combustion/expansion cycle keeps the Diesel going.

Failure to hold down the button both long enough (timing depends on the instructions for that engine) prior and during the starting cycle results in a drained battery and frustration. At the dock such a problem simply ruins the planned event. On the water, such a problem could result in a tow home if someone thought to put out a call for assistance before the battery was completely drained.

Most inboard and outboard motor boats have a neutral gear switch that will not allow the motor to be started with the boat in gear. This is a safety feature that has prevented many a collision, probably saved lives, and prevented injuries. If the switch is worn or corroded (what does not corrode in the marine environment?), it may not work.

While having the boat not start when in gear is obvious, not starting because of a bad neutral cutoff switch is not so obvious. Some owners find that with use the gear shift lever needs to be a little off-center for the switch to work (either a little towards forward or a little towards reverse). Or, the ignition key needs to be "'wiggled" a bit for the worn

From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

contacts inside the switch to close. For them there is no problem. For someone else trying to start the motor (the owner/operator is unconscious), it is more than frustration. And, for the owner/operator the results could be very serious or fatal.

If you are a guest on a boat it would be well for you to learn about the basics of that boat's operation before leaving the dock. A few minutes of basic orientation and a posted, printed checklist will prevent some of the obvious problems and could be a life saver!

Before leaving the boat's berth it is a good idea not only to review your checklist but also make sure that the engine is running properly. Some people get in the boat, turn the key, and once the engine starts cast off the lines and head out. Some also make it about 15' from the dock before the engine dies. I start the engine and then we go through the casting off of lines process. This gives the engine a chance to warm up and decreases the chances of the engine stalling out just after one is out of reach of the docking area. I have seen people floating just off the launch ramp or their boat's slip trying to get the engine started when a few moments of idle would have taken care of the problem.

Another item that those of us who float their boat have to content with in the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico is growth on the propeller (today's anti-fouling bottom paints do a fair job on the bottoms). Before casting off the last line I put the engine in gear and see if there is any vibration. One day I started the engine and warmed it up. When I put the engine in gear the propeller started shaking the boat slightly. Increase of the throttle setting increased the vibration. I shut down the engine and called one of the local diver's who went in the water to look at it.

He reported about a 1" growth on parts of the propeller and then spent about 45 minutes cleaning the propeller. He reported that the bottom was clean. Understand that I had pulled the boat and had a complete bottom job and propeller cleaning done about two months before. And the propeller was already fouled! I guess I will be going swimming in the flats off Shell Point once a month to clean the thing with a putty knife.

A mailing list to which I belong had an ongoing debate about how to keep the prop clean. It started with the question:

"Is there any particular brand of paint used with good results? And does the paint actually work?"

There were a variety of answers, mostly about not using standard bottom paint due to a variety of problems. One person used a heavy coating of Teflon grease that worked quite well. Another tried using a product called NO-STIC that is designed to protect cookware. He cleaned the propeller and then sprayed on the product. To set the coating properly the propeller (coated with the product) was then baked in an oven at 450 degrees for 45 minutes. The writer later reported that the process worked quite well. The prop was clean but the painted bottom was not.

Another idea is to use one of the transducer paints on the propeller. You put on one or more barrier coat(s) and then the antifouling paint. This idea sounds better to me than carrying the propeller off to the kitchen. One solution that a friend of mine used with his outboard motor on his sailboat was to submerge a bucket big and tall enough to encase the propeller and shaft that stayed in the water when the outboard motor was in the raised position. He tied the bucket in place, filled it with freshwater from the garden hose (displaced the salt water in the bucket). When he wanted to go sailing he would untie the bucket and remove it from around the shaft and propeller. When back at the dock he reinstalled the bucket and freshwater bath.

Going over the side in the summertime to clean the propeller and check the bottom (warm water and all that) is one thing. Going over the side in cool/cold weather/water with all the warm clothing and foul weather gear on is another situation altogether. It this happens, can you climb back aboard your boat with all the cold weather gear on? In fact, will your head stay above water? Once you bundle up for a trip on the water, a life jacket can be crucial to coming back to shore alive. I used to wear mine about two layers down in the clothing accumulation. It cut the wind, was there if I took the foul weather gear off, and it provided me with some flotation if I went over board.

The test? Put everything on and then jump into the deep end of a swimming pool (have at least two strong friends standing by). Now try to get out without using the ladder, with the ladder, and finally with the help of a couple of people on "dry land." In fact, just try to get out without help!! You may find that your new weight (wet clothes, etc.) is more than you can physically handle and worse, more than the PFD can float. With a 2' free-board and no boarding ladder, just how will you get back in the boat? In fact, do you have a boarding ladder? Have you ever used it? Does everyone who goes out with you know where it is stored and how it is deployed?

Like the checklist for what to take with you on the boat, it is a good idea to inventory the cool/cold weather clothing against the list. Part of the boating season in our part of the Gulf is cool to cold weather. Each year we do an inventory of our cool/cold weather sailing gear and replenish any low or missing items. Windburn, chapped lips, and even sunburn can be had on the same day sailing in our part of the Gulf.

You need clothing that breaks the wind, keeps you warm, and allows your skin to breath. Good quality sailing gloves not only protect your hands (and fingers) from rope burn, they also help keep the hands and fingers warm. Likewise, waterproof foot gear is needed (along with extra dry socks) on board. And, of course, a good warm cap to reduce the heat loss from a bare head (ear flaps are nice, also). We carry our cool/cold weather clothing in a separate tote bag. Once we are sure it is packed properly, the bag is simply one of the items carried on the boat when we are getting ready to go out.

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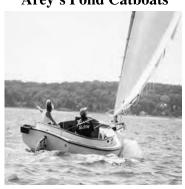
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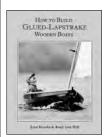


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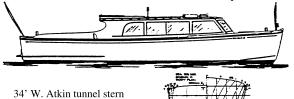
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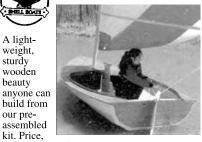
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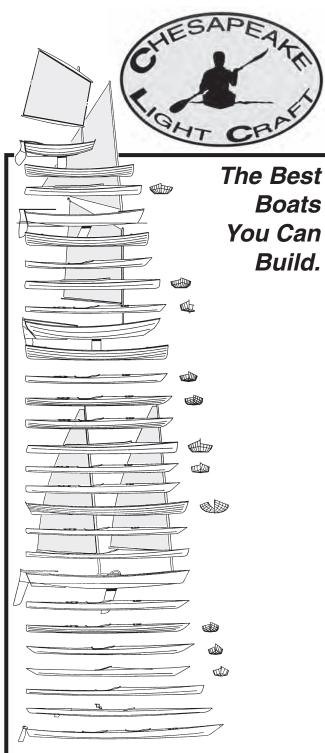
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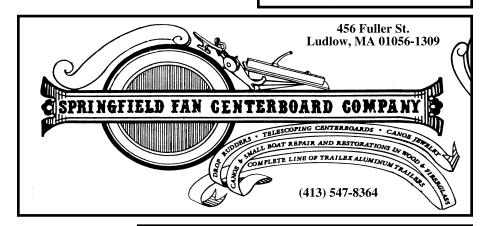
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17'9"x3'2" Annapolis Wherry, by Chesapeake Light Craft. Sea Green exterior, Bristol Beige interior. Gunwales finished bright. Additional mahogany inner gunwale added during construction. Set up for either oar-on-gunwale rowing or Piantdosi Row Wing & 9'6" Braca carbon fiber oars. Danforth rowing compass. Legal galv trlr. 2 sets bronze oarlock sockets on oarlock risers. 1 set 6'6" Sitka Spruce oars by Barkley Sound w/leather collars, bronze oarlocks. Custom cedar frame w/silver tarp winter cover. Battery nav lights. Built spring '00 & used lightly & lovingly. Quite fast & a pleasure to row, something which I, unfortunately, don't have enough time to do. Check her out at www.clcboats.com. Asking \$2,200 w/spruce oars only, \$3,100 for everything. Delivery? Well, if you're serious, maybe I can arrange something. BOB ERRICO, Manahawkin, NJ. (609) 978-0012, Ive message, fax (609) 978-7393 (12)

'37 Old Town Sailing Canoe, gd cond, w/orig papers. \$450. Butter Fly Sailboat, fast, sail, gd cond. Nds new mast cable & gel coat on bottom renewed. \$400.

BILL SAVARD, Rockaway, NJ, (973) 625-8416 (13)

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MERV TAYLOR, Rockport, ME, (207) 594-7069, merv@midmaine.com (12)

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A. BRIDGE, P.O. Box 143, Woolwich, ME 04579 (207)442-7237 <norsman@care2. com>, Web www.norsgear. com

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BILL COLCORD, Chelmsford, MA, (978) 256-5564 (12)

Peter H. Spectre's Compass Rose Review, updated periodically. Read it at www.compassrosereview. blogspot.com.

PETER SPECTRE, Spruce Head, ME (14P)



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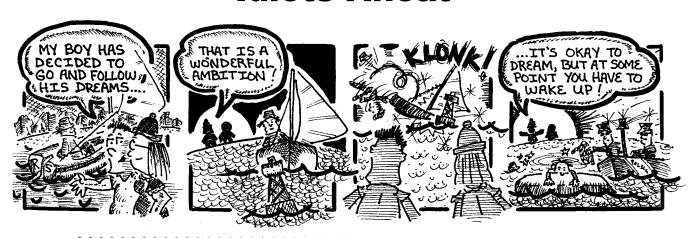
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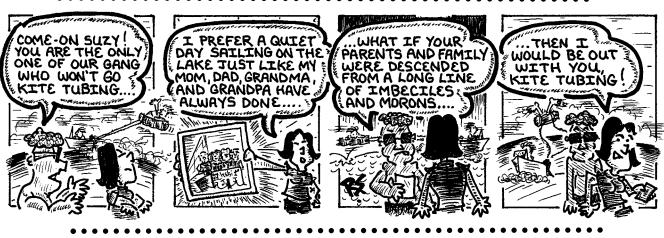
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By: Robert L. Summers Idiots Afloat









PO 144 Charlotte VT 05445 (802) 425-3926 www.adirondack-guide-boat.com To: guideboat@together.net From: Marty Cooperman

Subject: An adventure in my guideboat.

Steve & Dave, Saturday on Lake Erie saw a forecast for between 5-15 knots...then it changed to 10-20. Big rollers were tumbling into shore and there wasn't a boat to be seen. Men stood around their sizeable fishing

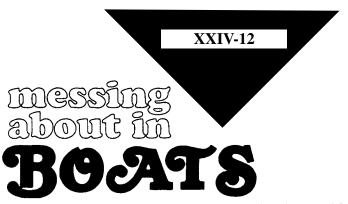
boats, still on trailers, discussing things. I got the idea & headed to the bay. I rowed south with some large rollers following me. The boat started to sway sideways but never broached. The winds had increased. Probably 15-25 knots (confirmed later by the small craft advisory on the radio), boats, still on trailers, discussing things. I got the idea & headed to the bay. I rowed south with some large rollers following me. The boat started to sway sideways but never broached. The winds had increased. Probably 15-25 knots (confirmed later by the small craft advisory on the radio). The winds caught me 60 degrees to the bow. Rowing became clumsy as steep waves disrupted my rhythm. My right arm became sore as I tried to counteract the waves' push downwind and off my intended course. I'm guessing the waves were 3-4 feet as the higher ones came to eye level. I get into a bit of a trance in this kind of situation, where my body is doing the rowing and my mind is somewhat disconnected, half numbed by the rough motion of the waves and the grim sight of them, half analytically studying just where I am, how far I have to go, what angle to best point the boat, and how far I'd have to swim should worse come to worst. I figured I had about an hour and a half of rowing to slowly fight my way across the exposed part of the bay. A big dark cloud came across the sun making the bay look more gloomy and ominous, the water a nasty grey green. Then a wave more properly belonging to the Lake managed to sneak its way into the bay. I was just past the light tower when I heard it. A sharp hissing sound, too fast for me to turn around and look, and then a breaking wave slammed into me and the boat. I felt the water hit my lifejacket, saw some come aboard, felt the spray whiz past my face and watched, amazed, as the boat slewed about 5 feet sideways. Adventure gave way to panic. There wasn't much water in the boat, not enough to bail. Oddly, the boat had not tipped. Instead of catching and tripping, it seemed to just skid sideways. Not facing the wave, I never saw it and wasn't doing anything to brace or steady the boat. I guess the boat just took care of itself. It's a refined dory shape and I suppose that's what dories do. I looked around for the next big one, figuring I was now in an area where breaking waves were the norm, but they returned to their 3-4 foot size and I returned to the oars a bit shaken, but oddly reassured. It was another hour back into the protection of Baypoint which broke the waves and then Johnson's Island which did the same for the wind. Several big 50+ foot motor cruisers came past, probably to check out how I was doing. They likely saw a head sometimes appearing above the waves and wanted to know if anything was attached to it. My last adventure was finding both the remaining wind and waves driving straight into the launch ramp opening

made fast, and hopped out. Terra Firma at last. Some 22 miles on the water. As a distinctly land-bound friend once said: 'the more firma, the less terror'. Thanks for building a great boat.

and trying to maneuver past the docks without

Marty Cooperman

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bashing one. Then I lassoed a dock cleat,

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